

JANUARY 1899.

NEW SERIES. PART XXVII.

THE LEISURE HOUR



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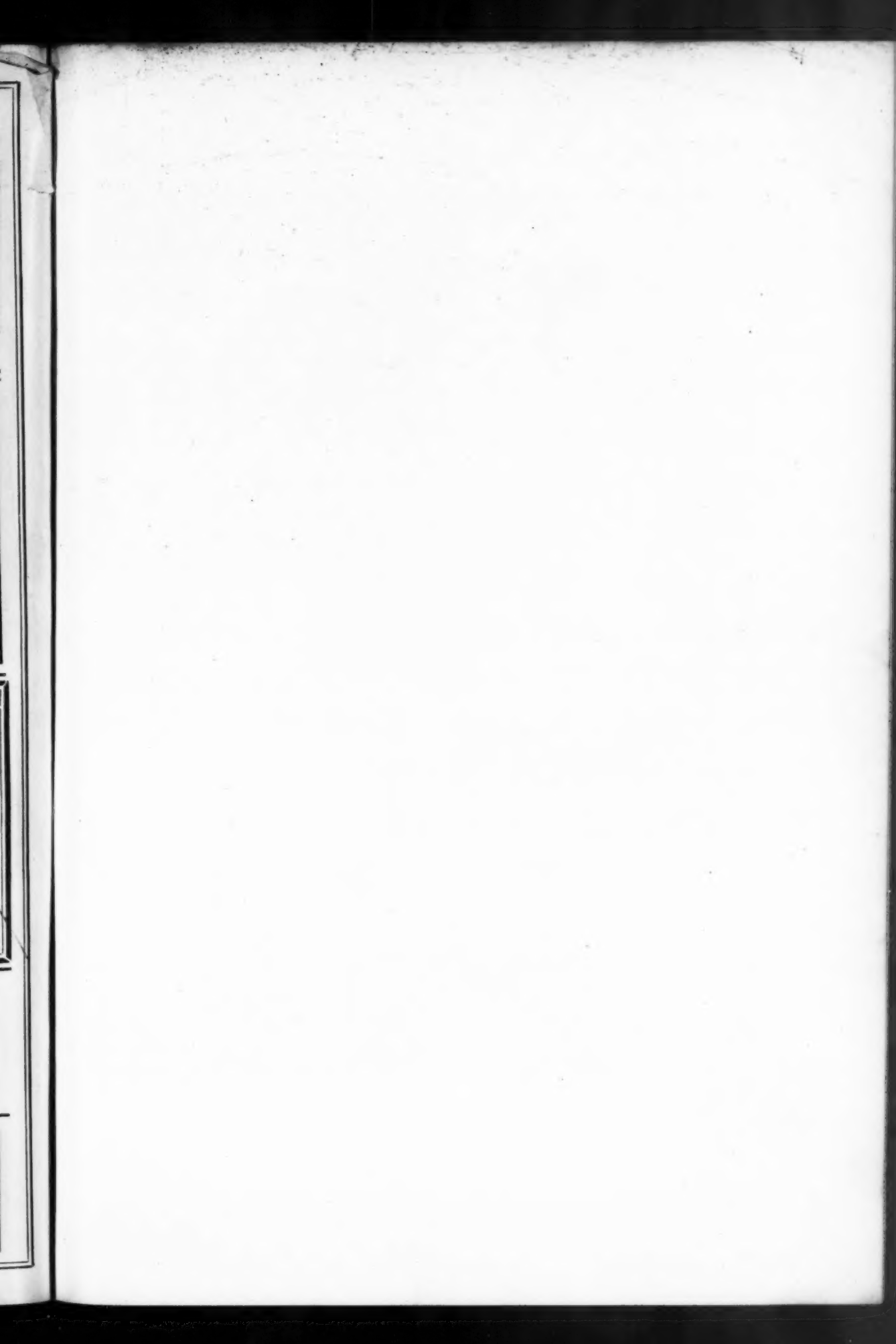
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THE HUGUENOT.

FROM THE PICTURE BY
SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A., BART.
IN THE TATE GALLERY.

A PRINCE AND HIS FATHER.

BY MICHAEL A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "NADYA," ETC.



"THE PROPHET."

CHAPTER IX.—A DAY IN UHLMÜNSTER.

WHEN the sun shines its brightest early on a May morning, and the south wind blows gently over the hills, the terrace gardens at Bostel are like halls full of light. At least Frank Cunliffe thought so as he walked between the two girls past the great tubs of scented citrons and myrtles, while Miss Bowles descanted in an improving manner on the manifold differences between French and English landscape gardening, patriotically avowing her decided preference for the latter. He would have willingly walked there all day long, tolerant even of Miss Bowles' wearisome descriptions of the gardens of Lord Severne and the Duc de Verteuil, with both of which nobles she had been intimately acquainted, were he only rewarded from time to time by the sound of Johanna's voice and the sight of her beautiful face. He was foolish, inexcusably foolish, for he ought to have known that he was nourishing feelings, or passively allowing feelings to grow, which must eventually land him in sorrow, and which Johanna could never share without incurring opprobrium in the

eyes of her relatives and friends. But he thought of none of these things, and drifted and dreamed like a fool asleep in a boat on the river above the cataract.

The little company were presently joined by Chlodwig, eager and restless. Nothing could be further from his tastes than this idle dallying on the terrace. He held a letter in his hand.

"Look here, Frank—a note I have just received from Richter. He wants us to come to see him to-day, and to spend the day in Uhlminster. We must really go."

"But can we go to-day? The von Ulrich ladies are expected."

The von Ulrichs were two maiden ladies who lived in a castle up in the hills, and who had announced their intention of visiting Bostel on that day.

"But we don't all need to stop at home on their account," said Chlodwig. "I'm sure Miss Bowles doesn't care to see Uhlminster, and one of the girls can remain, eh, Hansel?"

"Certainly," said Johanna; "I would like Elsa to go—she knows the Richters so well, and Miss Bowles and I will be delighted to look after the Ulrichs when they come."

"But are you sure the Prince would like it?" demurred Miss Bowles. "I'm sure he will be greatly displeased when he hears. Elsa, I don't think you ought to go. This Richter is a very dangerous man. I don't like the notion, indeed I don't, and I wish the Prince were here. They say Richter is a Communist, or something dreadful like that; and just think, dear, what the Communists did in Paris."

Elsa smiled. "Herr Richter is not the least like that. He is a man everyone likes who knows him. His only wish is to do good."

"But the Prince dislikes him."

"Because he does not know him. But you are right to remind me, and I shall take the first opportunity of telling my father that I know him, and that he is a friend of mine."

"Oh, don't do that, Elsa. It will be dreadful if you do. I'll never say another word about it. You don't know what will happen if you make the Prince angry."

"I don't care; my mind is made up. I'm not a child. I have work to do in the world, and Herr Richter has shown me where my work lies. I'm tired of all this idleness, and of this foolish, aimless life that we have been leading."

Never had Elsa looked so beautiful. She was agitated, and her excitement lent colour to her wan cheeks, and lustre to her lovely eyes. Johanna slipped her arm round her sister's waist and leant her head against her shoulder—a tender caress which meant more than words could express. Chlodwig sprang forward and impulsively kissed her on both cheeks. But Miss Bowles was in tears. She was thinking of the same solemn words which old Rudolf had once quoted to Frank about the instability of the house which is divided against itself. There were troubles ahead, and poor Miss Bowles did not see her way clearly.

That was how it came about that Chlodwig, Elsa, and Frank went to Uhlmünster—a momentous journey which was to have serious consequences for them all.

Richter expected them, for he was on the platform on the arrival of their train, waiting to pilot them to his house, which, although only a few minutes distant from the railway station, could not be reached without much devious turning and twisting among narrow lanes and courts. But even that short walk was sufficient to solemnise them. There seemed to hover in the place an atmosphere of misery; they seemed to breathe acrid fumes of foulness. Elsa closed her eyes and turned pale as she passed a house, at the door of which a terrible woman, with short coarse hair and blotched face, yelled curses at her own offspring along half the length of the lane, and with a vileness of execration which shocked even the stronger

nerves of Richter and Frank. And yet Elsa knew that if not in Uhlmünster there were places just as wretched, where women such as she was walked in the panoply of love, all unharmed through horrors of vice and suffering, their only reward the smile of that Heavenly Father who, in His own inscrutable wisdom, permitted all this for His own purposes of eternal good.

They were relieved to find themselves inside Richter's door, out of sight of all those repulsive savages who had stood at their doors



ELSA VISITS RICHTER'S MOTHER

jeering at them as they passed. It was a relief to see the saintly face of old Frau Richter and to hear her warm words of welcome.

Frank noticed how Elsa ran to Richter's mother and hung on her neck. Nor did it escape his notice, the tender solicitude for her welfare and safety which Richter had displayed since they had met at the railway station. He remembered how once, when he was asking Chlodwig to tell him about the dispossessed pastor, he was referred to Elsa. There was no mistaking Richter's attitude, and every glance of the girl's eyes and every tone of her voice when he was present revealed her secret.

Both Frank and Chlodwig found themselves deeply interested in the house of this remark-

able man. It was strange to see the little square rooms, with their contents eloquent both of the former affluence and present poverty of their occupants. On the plain table in the centre of the front room the frugal fare, and coarse ware cups and saucers for the coffee which Frau Richter was preparing; but in a corner a tall old clock was ticking gravely, which Frank knew would have attracted a crowd to Christies' had it been on sale there, and on the whitewashed walls were portraits in oils of men in wigs, and lace ruffles, and white lace neckcloths, who bore a strong resemblance to their friend, and were doubtless his ancestors. A room on the other side of the little passage was evidently Richter's study. A bookcase covering the whole wall was filled with books, and the catholic taste of its owner was easily guessed by a hasty glance along the shelves—theology, history and poetry, science and art, in modern and in ancient tongues, and all arranged with scrupulous German neatness and precision. The orthodox divines were there, so were the heterodox, and Marx and Engel, Fourier and Proudhon, Saint-Simon and Robert Owen stood side by side with the most flawless defenders of the old order. There was a central table littered with papers; books and papers, the overflow of the bookcases; were piled on the bare clean floor. There were long student pipes innumerable hanging in odd corners, a beautiful photograph of his mother in a rich gilt frame, a music stand, and a violin case.

As he led his two visitors into his sanctum he apologised for the prevailing odour. "It is wretched tobacco," he explained; "you cannot get good pipe tobacco in Germany." He showed them his violin—an instrument of beautiful tone, as Frank was quick to detect, and then he stood with them beside his bookcases, and Chlodwig and his tutor heard much that was interesting and fresh about rare editions, about the shades of difference between the teachings of one divine and another, and on many another topic. But Richter was evidently more of a social reformer than a theologian. Books on social sciences in several languages filled many shelves, and his delight was apparent as he took down one of these after the other to explain its merits or defects.

"Ah, yes, I know your Morris," he said to Frank, "an admirable writer and socialist, but he never inspires me, and as a reasoner he is never conclusive."

"He is not a professional economist."

"Quite so. He is too fond of contrasting times past and the present day. He makes the mistake of thinking that the ugly spots on our civilisation might be got rid of by the will of intelligent persons; and forgets that those flaws are only the outward expression of the baseness into which we are forced by our existing forms of society."

"And they cannot be dealt with from without," hinted Chlodwig.

"That is so. That would be futile, but it seems to me to be the method of your artistic socialist."

Frank reflected. "But how is the movement for the purification of society from these uglinesses to be earnestly begun from the inside? How is it to get a definite and serious aim?"

"It will not have a definite and serious aim," replied Richter, "until those who find themselves hard pressed by the sordidness of civilisation, and those who bleed for the sorrows and burdens of men, turn for help to a Power not their own, and leaven their science, their statistics, and their new ethics with a love for man inspired by the Divine love."

"Then we need not look for regeneration from material conditions and a higher social life?" inquired Frank.

"Emphatically not. That I believe to be a fundamental error. I would seek the ideal society through the ideal individual; but most of my friends to whom Christianity is a stumbling-block seek conversely the ideal individual through the ideal society—an ethic of socialism to which I cannot accede as it upsets all the foundations on which I build. I take the methods of Jesus as the best. I would strike deadly blows at our rigidly ordered caste society, as rigid as it was in the fourteenth century, but I would do it in love, not in hate—love for those who would be benefited by the change, not hatred for those who would lose by it."

"And you would make labour attractive to all?" asked Frank. "You would rob it of its terrors?"

"Certainly—that is a cardinal doctrine, one on which true progress hinges. Besides, it is Scriptural. Labour in the Old Testament had a curse imposed upon it; but have you noticed the altogether altered attitude of the New Testament? The founders of Christianity were carpenters, fishermen, tent-cloth weavers, for whom labour had no terrors. But we shall not begin a discussion on socialism, and maybe we are all in more or less accord. Let us have some coffee."

It was a pleasant hour which was spent over the coffee. Frau Richter and Elsa had been to see the children, and were making endless suggestions to one another. Elsa knew them all by name, and discussed Hertha and little Berthold, and Fritz, and Bertha with Richter and his mother.

"Bertha?" inquired Chlodwig, "isn't she blind?"

Except Frank everybody appeared amazed.

"How have you heard that?" asked Richter.

"Is she not Hermann the swineherd's grandchild?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Cunliffe and I know all about her, and I am going to ask Elsa to take her to the Schloss to live with us. That will make room for another here. So instead of old Hermann and his wife only hearing about

their little Bertha they shall see her sometimes. What do you say, Elsa?" And then he told them how he and Frank had visited the old couple on that evening when they met Richter on the hills.

Elsa was delighted at the proposal. There was much conversation and much discussion how this could be best arranged, and finally it was settled that the child should live in Elsa's care. It was only a trifling incident, but it brought Richter and Princess Elsa very near. She became more than ever a saint in his eyes, and he thanked God for her in his heart.

After the coffee it was settled that Richter should take Chlodwig and Frank through the town during the workmen's approaching dinner hour, while Elsa remained with his mother.

"You have come on a good day," said Richter; "we have a meeting of the Union this evening at the widow Faber's cellar, and I should like you to be present."

"What is the Union?" asked Chlodwig.

"A union of friends of all shades of opinion, chiefly violent opinion, among the workmen, who are more or less in earnest in agitating for the redress of social and political grievances. They have made me one of their vice-presidents, and I am to take the chair to-night. You may call us socialists if you like. When I am present I try to act as a moderator—not always with success."

"But may strangers come?"

"Certainly. You will find us noisy and rude sometimes, but we are hospitable. You will be interested."

Chlodwig eagerly accepted the invitation for himself and Frank. They could catch the last train to Bostel, and it would be a pleasant walk to the Schloss in the moonlight.

It was dinner hour in Uhlmünster when the three friends set forth to look at the town. Richter suggested that they should likewise visit one or two people whom he knew. They passed along the main street with a public house every few doors. Knots of workmen lounged about these places outside, but crowds were inside, and grimy faces looked in at the happy drinkers with a stare of the ecstasy of hunger and vice. They plunged into a dismal recess where it seemed as if light never entered—a sort of square of miserable little cottages. Heaps of rotten mud and fragments of rusty iron lay about; not a solitary window with a flower in it.

"Some of these houses," said Richter, "are dens where the people are well-nigh savages. But here is one not so bad."

He knocked at a rickety door, and a gruff voice grunted out an answer from within. They went down a step or two from the level of the square, for the tenement was partly underground.

There was a young man at a table smoking, with a bottle of spirits before him. He was a tall man of good figure, but loosened and bowed, with a well-favoured face which could be recognised through a week's beard and dirt.

But his eyes gleamed doubtful like a glow under ashes. A woman, pale and emaciated, sat on a ragged bed, as the man occupied the only chair. They rose as their three visitors entered, and were evidently pleased to see Richter.

"I hope, Emil, you don't mind me bringing two friends to see you.—Emil is another of our vice-presidents," added Richter, turning to his companions.

The pipe, which had been removed for a moment at their entrance, was replaced in its dental notch.

"Pleased to see you," he said. "Sit down. Anna will make room for you there on the bed."

His wife rose, whispered something in his ear, and smiled. He laughed and began turning down his sleeves.

"My wife says it's not respectable to have my sleeves rolled up when visitors come. You see, sir," addressing Chlodwig, "they are always turned up ready for the boxing match of existence."

"Well, I hope you'll win the fight," said Chlodwig, smiling.

"No, sir, I won't. Defeat is certain; but I'm going to fight all the same, comrades. My mate Richter here," he took the ex-pastor's hand, "and I understand one another. We are both fighters, and we'll both lose, but when we're done up we'll pass on the fight to others who'll win. Won't we, Anna?" His wife standing by his side looked down at him with a wan smile, and placed her thin hand on his shoulder.

Richter asked him about his cough, and Chlodwig had numerous questions to ask him about his work. After a pleasant handshaking the three friends found themselves again in the square.

"That man," said Richter, "is a noble fellow in many ways, but he's a drunkard. He has a fine mind, but he cannot resist his besetting sin. He works with such might and main as he has—works as if for his life, and all to procure the means of death. And yet he is consumed with zeal for the welfare of his mates. He speaks at all our meetings, corresponds with other bodies of workmen, and is heart and soul a social reformer. But his influence is vanishing. What influential word can he utter when everyone to whom he speaks knows why his hand is palsied and why his memory has failed. That wife of his adores him. I think you noticed that. She has no capacity and doesn't understand him. Perhaps she has mind enough to know that her husband is not faultless, and she has certainly heart enough to feel that if he were, possibly she might not love him so."

"But can nothing be done for him?" asked Chlodwig. "Can't you help him to conquer that vice? I can see the poor fellow has a fine mind."

"I fear not. I have tried everything, and he is utterly impervious to the teachings of religion."

They walked on in silence through labyrinths of streets and lanes until they stood before the door of another of Richter's friends. Chlodwig had been silent. The terrible tragedy of that man's life lay heavy on his soul.

"Paul," he said, "I want to go back to that man. I must go. I'll find my way alone. I'll have a few minutes before his dinner hour is over. You and Frank go on. I must see that man again. I'll meet you afterwards at your

"I have come to talk with you a minute. You don't mind, I hope. I wanted to speak to you while my friends visit other parts of the town. I'm tired." He sat down pale and excited on the bed, and fixed his great dark eyes on the uncertain shifty face before him. Anna stood by her husband's side.

"Richter has been speaking to me about you. I am very sorry. I wish I could help you."



THE PRINCE TRIES TO HELP "A BROTHER."

mother's. Don't bother about me; I'll manage by myself."

He moved swiftly away from them before either could say anything to arrest him. They stood watching him until he turned a corner and was lost to sight.

"Poor boy," sighed Richter. "What a noble soul in that frail body!"

Chlodwig easily retraced his steps to the drunkard's desolate-looking home, and the same husky voice bade him enter.

"Help me? How?"

"I mean I wish I could help you to break off that habit of yours."

For a moment the man stared at the earnest pallid face of the young man, and then burst out into a loud guffaw.

"Oh, that's what you're after. You're going to convert me. Well, you won't. Look here!"

He lifted the bottle before him and took a hasty gulp of its fiery contents. He smacked his lips and grinned up at his wife.

"Don't come here, young man, to talk that twaddle. Richter does it, and it's the only thing about him I can't stand. I must drink. What would you do, young sir, if you were miserable, and knew you would remain miserable until the day before your mates came with the long black box? You'd try to drown your misery as I do." He took another long pull at the bottle. "Who are you, anyhow? You have a face that I seem to know."

"My name is Arnsberg."

The man started as though he had been struck.

"That's it; now I see it. You're the picture of the old tiger at the Schloss, our tyrant."

"He is my father," said Chlodwig gently.

"I don't care if he's your grandfather. Your father has been my curse and the curse of hundreds here, better men than he is. And you come here to preach to me! Go to your father and preach to him. I'm ruining myself; he is ruining hundreds. He is grinding the faces of the poor. We are lying with our sores at his gate, and he scorns us and tramps on us. Go and preach to him."

"I am not here to defend my father. I cannot. We do not agree. But I am here to try and help a brother in misery if he will only let me. I wish I could do anything to make you happy."

Chlodwig's voice vibrated and the tears sprang to his eyes. The man's hard, semi-idiotic look changed; he gazed at his visitor with a softened expression, but his evil nature triumphed, and he broke out in scornful laughter:

"I don't want your help, young Arnsberg, and leave this house instantly."

He rose from his seat, and his eyes glowed as he pointed to the door.

Chlodwig rose from his seat on the bed, and held out his hand, uttering a sorrowful good-bye.

The good and tender in Emil's heart was reached by the humble attitude of the youth. He was suddenly touched to the quick. He seized the bottle and flung it with all his force, and with a loud sharp cry, into the fireplace, where it shattered into a thousand fragments, and the ardent spirit flew in flame up the chimney. He sank on his chair and buried his face in his hands with a groan which made Chlodwig's heart ache as it had never ached before.

He bent down over the broken man and touched his tangled hair with his lips. At his touch the figure seemed to shrink together, and sobs, which he tried in vain to control, convulsed him.

Without raising his head, he held out his horny hand to Chlodwig, and Chlodwig caught it in his.

"Forgive me, Prince. I'll try. Don't speak to me. Go away."

Chlodwig bent down and whispered something in his ear. The only response was a grasp of his hand, but it satisfied him, and he

stole silently out of the house with a light of happiness in his eyes.

CHAPTER X.—WIDOW FABER'S CELLAR.

WHEN Frau Faber at too early an age was deprived of the support of a husband who was the stoutest of drinkers and democrats in all Uhlmünster, she determined, like a sensible woman, to carry on the business of the "cellar" by her own unaided exertions. She was vigorous, healthy, and of a most pleasant look, with a ripe richness of tone in her cheeks. She was popular among the rough population of the district—at least among that large section of it which politically sympathised with the lamented Faber, and the "cellar" became more than ever before the rendezvous and rallying-place of all the saviours of society in Uhlmünster. It was moreover in the widow's favour that the particular quality of the beer in her "cellar" was as good as any that could be procured in all Westphalia. It was the colour of amber, only far clearer, and the foam on it was firm and white and without a bubble.

They had formed a "Union," these saviours of society in Uhlmünster, for the discussion rather than for the removal of the grievances under which the community groans. "What's the use trying to remove them?" they would ask. "We cannot do that, but we can talk about them, and help to form public opinion." This forming of public opinion was generally a noisy and tumultuous operation, as the weekly meetings of the Union were attended by most of the unruly and many of the shady characters of Uhlmünster, who exerted to the full the right of speech conferred by membership, and this to the detriment of all moderate and convincing argufiers. These unruly spirits buoyed up the most audacious of their number on an uproar of cheers whenever these succeeded in upsetting the harmony of the proceedings, and by insisting on the discussion of points and aspects of questions which were not on the agenda, and never would be on the agenda so long as a certain man in blue sat in the corner taking notes.

All the calculations of the Union at the widow Faber's cellar were based on the presence of that man in blue, who wore, moreover, a spiked helmet on his head and a sword by his side. Once or twice lately this person had risen from his seat and declared the meeting closed, and the saviours of society would then pay their reckoning, and most of them go home with an additional grievance. They were very careful not to indulge in the expression of uproarious political principles when he was present. They might drink themselves under the table, and sing songs from the sounds of which the widow would fly with her fingers in her ears—the man in the helmet only smiled; but temperance in politics was the principle which he would enforce at all costs.

Once or twice lately, moreover, the Union had been shorn of some of its most promising orators. After rhetorical nights these had been

asked to appear before the superiors of the helmeted one, and were kept by them in durance until other minions of a rotting civilisation had time and leisure to determine whether or not the flowers of their impassioned rhetoric were not rather deadly blossoms of danger—were not, in plain language, unpardonable insults levelled at majesties, serenities, highnesses, who wore still finer helmets and swords, and who could not brook insult. As a rule the decisions were against the rhetoricians, and so they ceased to be members of the Union for a space of months. Still the Union was thankful that it remained great and flourishing, that it still



HE QUIETLY TOOK OUT HIS NOTE-BOOK.

boasted orators of note, and that the list of subjects on the agenda showed no sign of diminution either in interest or number. Besides, the man in the helmet was not there every night. Those were lovely nights when he did not appear; the poor fools never dreaming that in his absence one of their own number supplied the police report.

On the evening of the day of Chlodwig von Arnsberg's visit to Uhlmünster the Union met as usual at widow Faber's cellar. The widow and her two assistants were dressed in their great white aprons, and were full of business. The Union assembled in the large room, which was furnished with two long tables running its

full length, and four rows of chairs. Every chair was occupied. The oaken tables bore innumerable beer jugs resting on felt cushions. Scattered about on their stained surfaces were heavy metal match-boxes and ash-pans which had done good service as projectiles on great field days. Across the upper end of the room ran another table, its two rows of chairs also filled. In the centre of one of these rows—that facing the bulk of the company—sat Paul Richter with a bell in front of him. Near him, on one side, was Chlodwig, nervous and pale, and at some greater distance on the other side Frank Cunliffe, interested and amused. Three flaring gas-jets suspended from the low ceiling only helped to reveal the clouds of smoke which filled the long room. There was a din as of pandemonium; loud laughter, greetings yelled from one end of the room to the other, snatches of song, rattling of beer jugs and glasses, with the loud confusing bass of general conversation.

The members of the "Union of Uhlmünster Socialists," as they styled themselves, were outwardly not pleasant to the eye. Whatever variety of opinion might be entertained as to the hidden virtues of the hearts of these men, it must be confessed that they were wonderfully successful in concealing their manifestation on their faces. They were mostly pale and cadaverous men, with pinched and disagreeable features, and the secondary virtue of cleanliness was apparently unknown among them.

In the midst of the general din and uproar the president's bell rang. Instantly a deep silence. Richter rose to his feet.

"Comrades," he began, "I have again the honour of presiding over this splendid meeting of our Union. I bid you and our numerous visitors heartily welcome. As usual we will begin with a song. There is nothing like a song, an honest song, for tuning the spirit. I call on Comrade Adam Bauer."

Comrade Adam was a little thin man at the far end of the room from the president, with dull fishy eyes and a nose too large in proportion to his other features, and of a distinctly copper hue. He was one of the dirtiest-looking men in the room. His rising was the signal for a prolonged rattling of mugs, an outburst of catcalls, and other manifestations of jubilation. As the noise died down it was discovered that Comrade Adam Bauer was clearing his throat, an operation which was listened to with anticipatory pleasure. Closing his eyes, Comrade Adam began a song in praise of beer.

It was like gold and amber, said the song, as it came to its climax, but it was amber without clouds, and gold without alloy. And a final burst of poetical sentiment ended the ditty, the poet declaring that the joy of looking through the bright fluid at the setting sun was the very acme and culminating point of human felicity.

Rapturous applause greeted this effusion, which had been heard for the first time. A neighbour of Frank's told him in a whisper that Comrade Adam was a bit of a poet, and

that this was one of his newest songs. Frank reflected that he was a very dirty bit of a poet, but before he condemned him for this lapse from the accepted ways of good society he remembered that poets were not to be judged by the usual canons applied to ordinary mortals. The man who poetically enjoyed a sunset seen through the bottom of a beer glass had a perfect right to be dirty, if he wished.

Amidst the hubbub of applause and cries for an encore the president's bell was again heard.

"Comrades," he said, "this evening we have not the pleasure of the presence of the gentleman in blue. He has sent no letter of apology, but we don't bear him any ill-will on that account. Perhaps he has been unavoidably detained, and may drop in later. Now let us get to business. This evening we are to discuss the new parliamentary programme. It covers the whole ground, and so, I daresay, will we, but not to-night. We must take one point at a time. Now, which shall it be? My voice is for the discussion of those clauses in our programme which bear on the protection of the working classes, and demand legislation on that subject. I would support—"

But the audience was not yet serious enough.

"The president's health! Prosit, president!" Amidst thunderous cheers and laughter and clinking beer jugs Richter's health was drunk, and praises of the purity and excellence of the beer followed this magnificent demonstration. The widow Faber received the compliments on this head with a satisfied smile and replenished the empty mugs.

At that moment up jumped a stout man, one of only two or three such in the room. He had a thick neck, no collar, heavy grizzled eyebrows, and a squint.

"Silence for Comrade Fischer!" The president's bell rang vigorously.

The voice that was now heard corresponded with the thick bull neck.

"Comrades, I am not of the president's opinion," he cried in stentorian tones. "I move that we discuss clause 6, which declares that religion is a private matter, not the affair of the State; which declares that it is inexpedient to devote public funds to ecclesiastical and religious purposes; which states that religious communities are private associations to be governed by their own members independently of the State."

Amidst much noise and interruption Comrade Fischer went on to explain in wild and violent language why this subject should be the matter for discussion. Few rational or complete sentences reached the upper table at which the president sat, and his frequent bell-ringing and calls to order had only a momentary effect. Men were springing up excitedly in all corners of the room, some contradicting Fischer's statements, others hoping to get the president's permission to speak on their own particular pet clause of the parliamentary programme. The meeting was growing confused and angry,

laughter had ceased, so had the silly clinking of the jugs. The Union was settling down to serious business.

Comrade Fischer resumed his seat, and a pale slight youth beside the president sprang to his feet, tossing back his long tangled black hair.

For a moment there were cries of "The Prophet!" "The Prophet!" This was succeeded by a dead silence, the whole company stretching their necks forward with the object of listening intently. Young as the Prophet looked, he had been twice in gaol, once for attacking a policeman in the discharge of what the latter deemed his duty, and once for using expressions about the Emperor which had been twisted into *lèse-majesté* by an ingenious Crown prosecutor seeking promotion. So the Prophet wore the aureole of a martyr, and was in consequence the most successful and dangerous socialist demagogue in Uhlmünster. He threw his bright restless eyes over the assembled men, and his pale and striking features were lit by a transient flush of joy. At first he spoke hesitatingly, but the deep silence and eagerness of the assembly had a corresponding effect on him. His natural eloquence was not altogether untainted by the coarseness of expression incidental to his position, but it was freed from the grosser violence and offensiveness which was characteristic of Comrade Fischer's oratory.

"I support Comrade Fischer," he continued, "not because I wish to see religion dragged to the ground, not because I wish to see it the subject of rude and blasphemous jests in this room, but because I believe that the truest interests of religion are served by its severance from the State."

The great majority of those present vociferously cheered this statement.

"I think we may take it that this is the subject which most interests us. Every other point on the programme is important, but this is what we wish discussed to-night."

There were cries of dissent, but the Prophet heeded them not.

"I beg the Union to come to a decision of paragraph 6. You know my sentiments. I was once careless on this subject. It did not much matter, I thought. But since I have become a Christian socialist I think differently, and it is because I wish to see Jesus Christ more honoured in the land, because I do not wish to see the black coats of the clergy and the blue coats of the police leagued together, because I do not wish to see any more black coats in the service of the State—you know what I mean—I would have you support this clause."

The small Church party preserved an ominous silence, the majority cheered rapturously.

"I distinguish between the Church and her ministers as we know them; and among the latter I know that there have been noble men who have spent life and treasure for the poor and hungry, and who have deemed it an honour to be poor with the poor for the love of God. These were not men like the clergy we know,

like the vast majority of the clergy who have pretended to hand down the light once delivered by Christ to His apostles.

"I refuse to be a member of a Church which has any connection with the State direct or indirect, or which has a paid ministry. Can I tolerate a class of men who for hire are ready to bless any measure which the State supports? In the last war between this country and France the hired Christian ministers on one side of the Rhine were praying for the success of our arms against the French, on the other for the success of the French arms against ours. On opposite sides of the river thousands of the black-coated police holding up hands of prayer to the God of mercy and love for vengeance on their fellow Christians."

This was all incoherent, all irrational, all fundamentally false, but it caught the meeting and elicited storms of applause.

The Prophet turned his burning eyes to that corner of the room where the Church party formed a compact little knot of angry men. He raised his voice almost to a scream.

"Your bishops, canons, and deans, your general superintendents and consistorial councillors are always ready to endorse any measure of oppression directed against the people. It is only grudgingly that they support any attempt at progress or reform. Instead of being the pioneers, they are the deadweights on the advance of education and enlightenment. 'The less they understand, the more they admire and wonder,' was what a prominent bishop once said of his people. Let us free ourselves of their control."

The Prophet raved on. He had a craze, a hobby. He had no system, no plan, no substitute ready for the hated clergy, and his audience apparently did not care to hear any constructive policy from him. They were there to denounce, to advocate destruction, and the Christian socialist, as he called himself, answered their purpose and played their game admirably. No one applauded more frantically than the bull-necked atheist, Comrade Fischer.

It was at this moment in the proceedings of the Union that Richter at his table began to notice amidst all the applause and excitement a curious whispering going on. It began somewhere in his own neighbourhood, and was rapidly extending the length of the tables. Each man as he heard the whispered communication looked round at Richter's table, and quickly sought the face of Prince Chlodwig. The president's sharp ear, moreover, began to hear the word "Arnsberg" repeated. He was not alarmed, yet he did not like the fierce, scornful glances cast at his young friend.

At the close of the Prophet's speech there was much cheering, as we have seen, but before it had quite died, Comrade Adam Bauer was again on his legs. The little man was evidently considered a wag and the wit of the Union, and it was plain from the twinkle in his eye, and the delighted look of his immediate neighbours, that a huge joke was about to be perpetrated.

"Comrades," he began in his thin piping voice, "have you heard the joyful news? I see you have. I see your bosoms dilating with pride, that we have a chip of the old block of Arnsberg among us. None of us knew—how could we?—until Comrade Emil set the glad tidings circulating."

Bauer raised his mug. "Comrades all! Welcome to Comrade Arnsberg. I don't know his first name—maybe he hasn't one. They're not like us, those people. Anyhow, a rousing welcome for the new comrade. Your health, young sir—and your speech."

The demand for a speech from Chlodwig was considered particularly audacious, and brought down the house. Richter looked concerned, rose and whispered some words to Chlodwig, and resumed his seat. Frantic cries and yells of laughter, accompanied by volleys of rattling beer jugs, denoted the wish of the Union to hear Chlodwig. He bowed his acknowledgments, but this was not satisfying. They appreciated the joke of an Arnsberg addressing them.

So Prince Chlodwig von Arnsberg, the only son and heir of Rothenbostel, the future owner of the town and of thousands of broad acres around it, rose to address the Socialist Union of Uhlmünster. He rose tall and straight, and faced those men. His simple suit of tweeds, his open friendly smile, the absence of everything approaching reserve, charmed them, and with beaming faces, from which every trace of the recent wrangle had disappeared, they settled down to hear this altogether unexpected speaker. Richter and Frank, however, were on the rack, but for Chlodwig's sake they suppressed all outward signs of trepidation.

"Comrades," began Chlodwig—and the fraternal word of address called forth renewed applause and laughter—"Comrades, I thank you from my heart for drinking my health, and I raise my glass to drink to the success of your Union. May it flourish in the pursuit of lofty ideals. May its object be the drawing together of the sons of labour into one indissoluble bond of brotherhood, each member working for the benefit of his fellows, and for the lightening of those terrible burdens which press with such severity on the poor. Your programme is known to me. My dear friend and yours, Paul Richter—"

At the name of the president every man present sprang to his feet and shouted himself hoarse. They raised their glasses with loud cries of "Prosit, prosit." Richter flushed with pleasure.

"My friend and yours. I have had the opportunity of reading its contents, and I think I may say that there is little in it which does not meet with my entire sympathy."

"Cheers for the young Arnsberg," cried the Prophet, springing on to the table. "Prosit, comrade, prosit! You're the right sort."

The whole company rose again from their seats and listened to the young socialist standing. Richter had never beheld the Union so united, so jubilant, so intent.

They were so intent that they did not notice the silent entrance of a man in a blue uniform, with a helmet on his head and a sword by his side. The thick blue veil of smoke pervading the room helped to hide him, as he took up a position in a corner near the door, and quietly took out his note-book.

"Yes, comrades, it is a noble object you have set before you in this programme, and I hope we shall see every clause of it in force before we are many years older. There is only one word I would like to add. Violence of language and demeanour will not help you. It will tend to estrange many who would otherwise be friendly; and certainly violent language towards the ministers of religion will not help you. Your president this evening is a minister of religion, and no one here ought to cast a stone at ministers of the Gospel in his presence. There are faults, grave faults, to be found among the clergy, but the symptoms of disease are not the disease itself. Comrades, a good socialist needs to be a good Christian. I believe that all which has ever been done in the world's history for the well-being of society has been done in reliance on God, in the belief that His strength will supplement and support our weakness. Let our aspirations be grounded on the person of Jesus. Let us emblazon on our banner, Jesus, the helper of the weary and heavy laden."

Young Chlodwig, amidst dead silence, looked at Richter, who smiled and nodded his approbation of what had been said. Chlodwig bent forward a little, and, in winning gentle accents of peculiar solemnity, concluded his first public speech:

"He was poor with the poor, but full of holy peace. He had not where to lay His head, and His poverty is eloquent against riches and covetousness, but He lived a life nevertheless of serving, blessing, healing, and beneficence. You remember reading about Him. Do you remember how He wept over the lost city a few days before His death? And as He left it, bearing the cross on His shoulders, with the thorns on His brow and the thieves by His side, not a murmur, not a threat escaped His lips, only a bowed head full of blood and wounds, only a sobbing prayer to forgive His tormentors. Comrades, with Him as our friend, our lot will be easier; with Him by our side we will conquer. I thank you for listening to me so patiently."

Chlodwig sat down, and there was perfect stillness. Those rough blaspheming men were touched deeper than they knew; they handled the match-boxes and beer-jugs nervously, and looked furtively and with grave faces at one another.

But they were speedily brought back to the ordinary spirit of their meetings. From the corner at the door came a well-known voice, and its tones reawakened all their bitterness, all the spirit of savage misrule which had been banished by the sweet reasonableness of Chlodwig's speech.

"I call on this meeting to disperse. You have been using unlawful language."

The sharp words of command rang out clear and concise. The police officer approached the president's table.

"Your name, please? You are a stranger to me."

"Frank Cunliffe."

"Address?"

"Bostel Schloss."

"Yours?"

"Chlodwig von Arnsberg."

"Also Bostel Schloss?"

"Quite so."

The policeman expressed no astonishment, for he was a machine, and machines are never surprised. He simply noted the names and addresses.

"The others I think I know," he said with a sinister grin, peering through the gloom. "You will all file out, please?"

The members of the Union paid their reckonings and implicitly obeyed; but their exit they accompanied with a furious discord of yells and hisses, with manifestations of passion which made the widow Faber and her maids tremble. She had never seen the Union so terrible in its wrath. The man in blue did not seem to mind much.

"You have had a noisy evening," he remarked, sitting down to his glass of beer in the empty room, and unbuckling his sword belt.

"How could I prevent it, Herr Wachtmeister," replied the trembling widow? "People when they get together always make a racket, and especially when they're expressing their opinions."

This was an erroneous view of the widow Faber, showing that she had a woman's love of sharp generalisation.

Richter, with Chlodwig and Frank Cunliffe, were accompanied to the cottage near the railway station by two hundred men, marching four abreast behind them. In front of them capered little Adam Bauer, waving his arms and singing the war song of the Union. The two hundred men behind thundered the chorus. Richter's old mother and Elsa were listening at the window, and trembled as they heard the strange refrain:

"O, the morn is drawing nigh,
The Red is in the sky,
The colour loved by sons of Freedom."

CHAPTER XI.—"CARMEN."

A FEW days after the events recorded in the last chapter, the musical world of Berlin was all agog with the announcement that Signorina Guarez, on her way to win fresh triumphs in St. Petersburg, would sing the title rôle in "Carmen" for one night only in the German capital. Royal princes, ministers, ambassadors, and wealthy Jewish bankers, intent on hearing the inimitable Guarez, had early sent their liveried servants to besiege the ticket offices. Among the most elegant of these flunkies was the confidential factotum of the Princess von Arnsberg, who had been commis-

sioned to secure a box with only three seats, but in a prominent part of the house, where his mistress could sit in state with her hopeful son on one side of her, and her be-ribboned brother-in-law, the head of the house, on the other. The Prince, of course, paid for the box, so the Princess gave instructions to the factotum to secure the best box in the house at any price. She was tolerably certain of outshining the Countess Zweidorf, and that unpleasant privy-councillor's lady who caused her so many heart-burnings.

The great evening arrived, and the splendid theatre was filled to overflowing with the rank, fashion, and beauty of the capital of the Empire. Royal princes in gorgeous uniforms stood in groups in the spacious court box twisting their stiffened moustaches. Military and naval uniforms shone in all parts of the house, but mostly in the stalls. There those gallant warriors stood sweeping the dress circles with their opera-glasses. The women were still more resplendent in the brightest of evening frocks, and the Hebrew ladies, of whom there is always a goodly number at any theatrical performance in Berlin, bedizened every suitable and many unsuitable parts of their bodies with the diamonds and sapphires so dear to their exotic Oriental tastes. The house was packed, and thrilled with the anticipation of the pleasure in store for them when the curtain would rise and the renowned Spanish *cantatrice* would appear in the character of the famous cigar factory girl of Seville.

The Princess Arnsberg had secured her box, and sat in the full gaze of Berlin. She was far too grand a lady to use her opera-glass except for the stage, but Ernst, who sat by her side, plied his industriously both on his own account and on behalf of his mother. A glow of gratification thrilled his mother when he reported that the Zweidorf had a seat in the upper dress circle, and that the privy councillor's wife was far back in the stalls staring at her through her lorgnette. When this last delicious item was revealed to her, she spread out the costly fan of ostrich plumes which her brother-in-law had given her that evening, and sloped it in such a way that the light fell on the brilliants with which it was studded. The old Prince sat enduringly by. At the Princess's special request he wore his broad orange ribbon of the Order of the Black Eagle, but he did not look happy. Operas were not in his line, and he disliked to feel himself one of a crowd of aristocrats, many of whom wore the same yellow sash, and could trace back their descent into the mists of an antiquity when the Arnsbergs were unknown. No one seemed to recognise him, so he hid his old eagle face behind the heavy damask curtains of the box, took snuff, and waited for La Guarez.

Doctor Pluck, royal and imperial court director of orchestras, suddenly appeared and tapped his desk. The Germans understand these things, and instantly every door was closed, every seat occupied, and there was a dead silence for the beautiful overture.

La Guarez held the house in thrall. It was

none of your conventional white-sleeved, silk-aproned Carmens, with roses in her hair and patent-leather shoes on her feet, but a genuine daughter of old Seville—somewhat grimy in look, but with a picturesqueness and dash and passion which Berlin had never before beheld, and which impelled the buckskin-gloved royal Princes to applaud as vehemently as those other art critics who stretched their necks over the railing of the top gallery. Even the bored and self-conscious old Prince was drawn from his apathy, and clapped his gloved hands negligently when the graceful little alert *prima donna* stepped out before the curtain, and bowed her piquant acknowledgments of the floral tributes which were handed up to her from the orchestra.

Ernst was evidently uneasy. He had been vainly scanning the house in search of some one, and was impatient to leave the box to spend the *entr'acte* in the *foyer*. He was sure his mother and uncle would like to accompany him, and appeared charmed when they said they would.

So they crushed into the crowded *foyer* and occupied three chairs to watch the parade. The Princess, looking through her jewelled lorgnette, recognised some titled acquaintances and graciously acknowledged them. Ernst was pointing out several notabilities whom his uncle did not know.

"Who is that military-looking man with the long white moustache?—see, near the buffet—with the elderly lady and that lovely fair girl in white?"

Ernst started. "Where? The Zagorski's, uncle. Count Zagorski, my friend from St. Petersburg. I have been looking for them all the evening. Excuse me a minute. May I introduce them to you and mother?"

"I shall be most pleased," said his mother, and the Prince likewise expressed the pleasure he would have in making the acquaintance of a representative of so well-known a Polish house.

He watched Ernst approach the Polish noble, and noticed the bluff military welcome of the Count, the voluble amiability of the Countess, and the coy grace of the girl's greeting.

"Evidently nice people," said the Prince.

"Oh, you're sure to like them, I think. Ernst is charmed, and he is so hard to please. I have been anxious for so long to meet them. Oh, they are coming across to us."

The Prince von Arnsberg and his sister-in-law rose with pleased alacrity to meet the new comers. Two of the royal princes and a score of other men had followed with admiring eyes the queenly progress of the Polish beauty across the room.

While the Zagorskis and the Arnsbergs were exchanging polite commonplaces about one another and the divine La Guarez, two young officers among the crowd around the royal princes conversed. The younger, in an adjutant's uniform, was evidently deeply interested.

"Who are they, Fritz?" he asked of his friend.

"The old fellow's name is Zagorski. He is the fisherman of that little party of three."

"Fisherman?"

"Yes, and the exquisite Sophie talking so engagingly to young Arnsberg is the bait. You go fishing sometimes?"

"Yes."

"Well, the old boy casts the line, having first baited it. You notice, he is at work now."

"You don't mean to say—"

"Oh, yes, I do. But young Arnsberg is a very wary trout and will require delicate handling."

"But the girl is so beautiful, so innocent, so—"

"A perfect figure, a most nobly poised head—just notice how she carries it—exquisite hair, lucent eyes—that and more besides, my friend. Don't stretch my metaphor about the fisherman too far. I have given you a wrong impression if you think that the bait is squirming or unhappy in the hands of the fisherman. Not a bit of it; she is as keen after a bite as he is."

"But is this true? How do you know all this?"

"Well, my dear boy, wait until you spend a year on the Neva as military attaché, and if you don't hear some queer stories, and true ones, I'm not your friend. That jolly hearty old soldier—a pattern of frank military bearing, and the old lady—kindly motherly soul, eh?—and the glorious Sophie—a vision of loveliness, a shrine of all the virtues."

"But how does Arnsberg know these people? He wouldn't introduce them to his people if he knew them as you do."

"That's just it. You and I have a somewhat imperfect knowledge of that promising young man. He has met these people in Berlin on several occasions."

"But they live in St. Petersburg?"

"Ah, they have no abiding city. They are social nomads—wherever the fishing is most remunerative. The winter on the Neva, spring on the Spree and Vistula, the summer in Ostend or Trouville, the autumn—who knows where?"

"Where do they live here?"

"Oh, they have very pretty rooms in Potsdam Strasse, exquisitely furnished, and the supper parties they give are charming. I would not be at all surprised if they have invited the Arnsbergs there this evening."

"And is this Zagorski a man of means?"

"My dear boy, what an innocent you are! Don't ask questions; I could only repeat hearsay, and not very fragrant hearsay. Their supper-room is comparatively a small apartment, but two fine saloons open from it, and these are supplied with card-tables and lots of handsome mirrors—*voilà tout!* The company, I understand, usually sit late and have early coffee or soda-water, just as they wish, before they leave. You needn't play unless you like. There is always the Countess and that exquisite sylph to talk to, and they *can* talk."

"He really is a count, I suppose?"

Fritz's answer was a shrug of the shoulders and a queer twisted look up at the gorgeous candelabra.

"But Arnsberg—"

"No questions, please. You have a most pernicious habit of interrogating me on matters in which you have only a remote concern."

"Well, I only asked about Arnsberg."

"Yes, I know. There are only rumours, but ugly ones."

"Is he in the old boy's debt?"

"I must repeat—no questions. It is worse than that. Don't talk."

"I suppose he's fond of the girl? That's about as bad as could be if what you say is true."

Another shrug, more prolonged than the last, was the only reply.

The bell was ringing, the *entr'acte* was over, and everybody trooped out to their places in the theatre. Bluff old Zagorski had obtained permission from the Princess Arnsberg for Ernst to absent himself during the second act. In his florid Polish way he had said to the Princess:

"We have two ladies and only one cavalier. In your box it is just the other way—two cavaliers and one lady. Permit, madame, a redistribution of the forces during the second act."

As the Arnsbergs returned to their box the Prince was saying to his sister-in-law:

"Most charming people. Zagorski, Zagorski! the name sounds familiar; I believe I heard of some one of that name a generation ago, when I was in St. Petersburg. But it cannot be the same. *He*—if I recollect aright—was sent to the Caucasus, or somewhere, owing to some trouble about cards."

The Princess agreed that the Polish family had made a most favourable impression on her. The Count she declared a most fascinating man.

"The Countess," said the Prince, "is a woman whose friendship I mean to cultivate. She knew most of my old friends in St. Petersburg. What a bright little story that was of hers about the late Tsar! I must remember the anecdote. It so accords with what I myself saw of his Majesty."

"It was very kind of them to invite us to supper next week," said the Princess, spreading herself out in her seat, "but I'm engaged every night next week, as you know. But you must really go, you and Ernst—you have two nights disengaged."

The Prince bowed and looked pleased, and settled himself to listen to the prelude to the second act. He was no longer bored. Those Zagorskis had proved to him that there were people in the house of high birth themselves who were impressed by his rank, and wealth, and dignity, who knew his writings in the "Nobles' Review and Observer," and who were in cordial agreement with the ideas which had been associated with his name. And, as

the second act proceeded, he agreed with the Princess that La Guarez was really a divine gipsy, and had a voice like an angel's.

In the box almost immediately over that occupied by the Prince the Zagorskis sat with Ernst. Ernst had told them earlier in the day that he would be there with his mother and uncle, and would take an opportunity of introducing his relatives. So the astute Zagorski felt that he would be spending a profitable afternoon if he looked up the Westphalian Arnsbergs in the Almanach de Gotha, and obtained as much additional information as he could gather in that limited time. His carefully acquired stores of knowledge he imparted to his wife and daughter, and when the expected introduction finally took place in the *foyer*, the Prince of Rothenbostel was flattered beyond measure at the intimate knowledge and appreciation of him displayed by a Russian noble.

"I am charmed with your uncle and mother," the Countess Zagorski whispered to Ernst. She dared not speak loudly, as La Guarez was singing superbly at the time.

Ernst smiled. "How did you manage, Countess, to get up all that about Bostel and the old boy's articles?"

The Countess explained, and Ernst had to make a painful effort to smother his laughter.

"You think he'll come next week?" asked the Count.

"I'm pretty certain of it. But, mind, I give you warning he plays an uncommonly good hand."

The bluff old soldier only showed his white teeth.

"We'll see, we'll see," was all he said.

"And you'll come to-night, Ernst?" said the beautiful Sophie, her hand on the young man's arm. "It doesn't matter how late it is—after the ancients are snugly in bed. I have so much to tell you."

The Count and Countess were discreetly looking at the stage, and Ernst raised the exquisite little hand to his lips, and promised to come.

La Guarez was reaping another harvest of wreaths and flowers amidst thunders of enthusiastic applause as Ernst rose to rejoin his relatives. The Zagorskis looked affectionately at him as he took his leave.

"Don't forget, my boy," said the Count, shaking him warmly by the hand.

Ernst wished he could.

LUMBERING ON THE OTTAWA

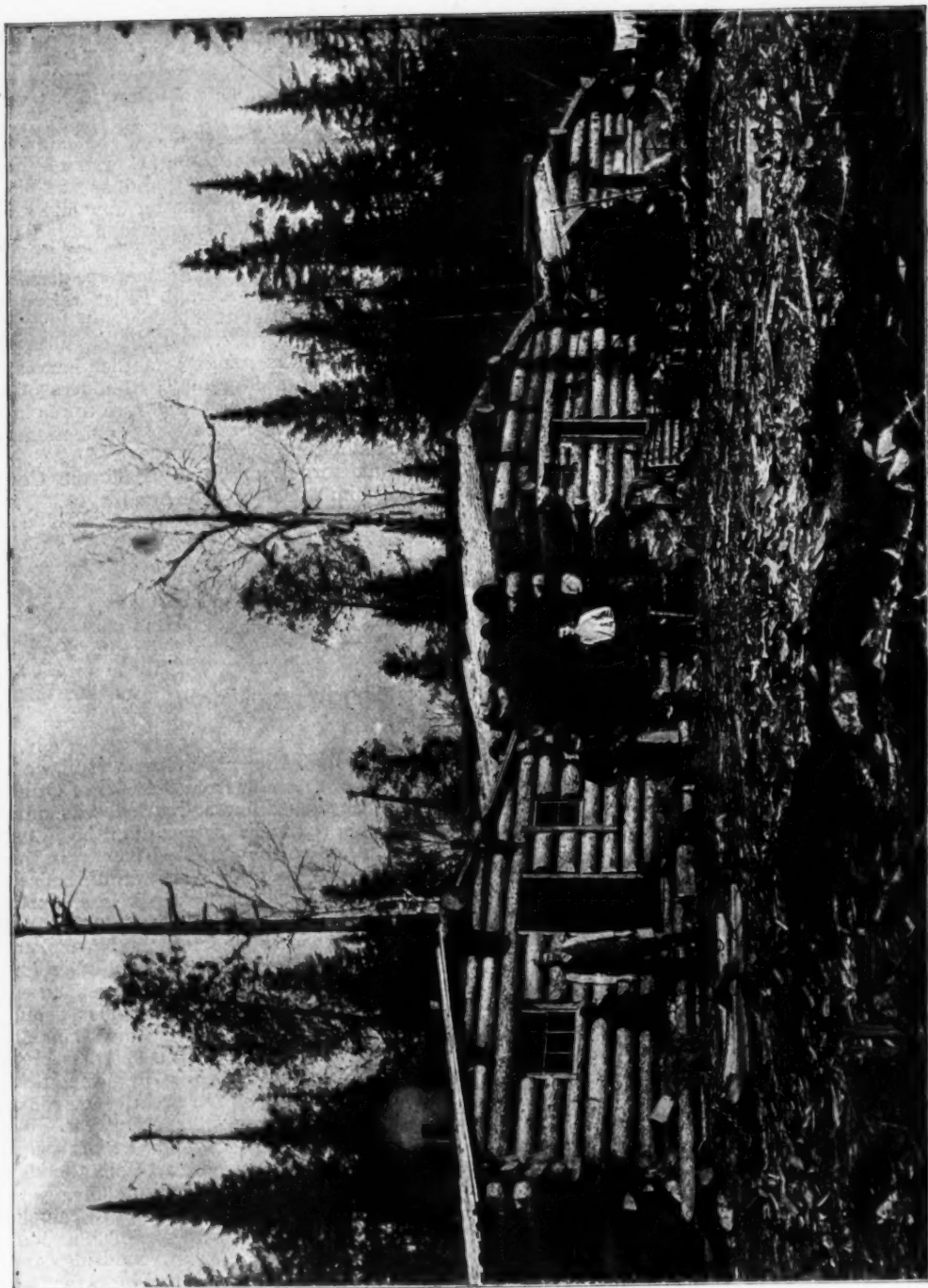
FROM November until March, while the country is deep in snow, thousands of Canadian lumbermen are at work on the remote timber limits, felling the trees which in the spring and summer are floated as logs down the creeks and rivers to the saw-mills, or to tide-water for shipment abroad. The timber limits are always receding, and nowadays are sometimes one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles from a railway; and, except by hunters and excursionists in canoes, are reached only when the snow lies packed and hard. There are no roads in the forest country, and if Canada were to be without snow for a winter, its great lumber industry would come to a standstill, the saw-mills on the rivers would be at rest, and the Dominion Treasury without the large sums of money paid into it each year for stumpage, and the right to cut timber on the limits.

The timber limits are on the public lands. They are marked out by Government surveyors, and the right to the timber on them is sold at auction. The bidding at the auctions is on the basis of so much a square mile, and varies according to the nature and growth of the timber, and the proximity to streams on which the logs can be floated to the mills. The round timber, cut on the thousands of miles of territory tributary to the Ottawa River, goes

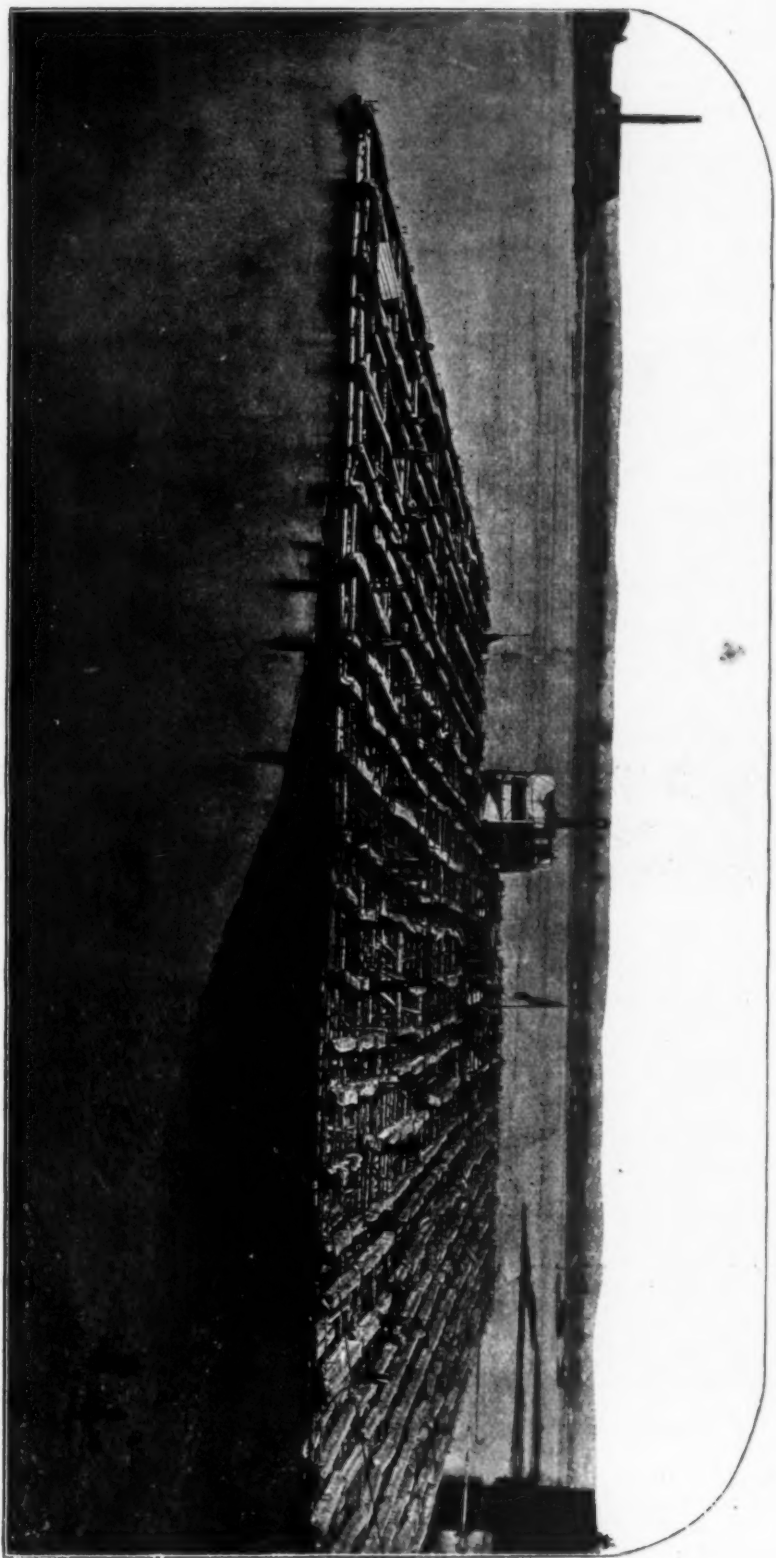
no farther than the saw-mills at Hull, on the other side of the river from the City of Ottawa. Most of the square timber continues its journey several hundred miles farther than the Falls of Chaudière, down the Ottawa River to its junction with the St. Lawrence, and thence to Montreal or Quebec, whence it is shipped to England.

As soon as the snow comes in November or December, the movement to the timber limits begins. Men and horses are carried by train to the nearest points to the timber country, and from the railway they begin their long journeys over the snow to the shanties on the limits. These headquarters on the timber limits are like those on the great cattle ranches on the plains in the west and south-west. They are built by the firms owning the timber, and all the food supplies are drawn from the *dépôt* stocked by the owners of the limit.

Tons of salt pork and thousands of barrels of flour are carried to these *dépôts* at the end of the winter, and remain in store during spring and summer, so as to be in readiness for the incoming army of lumbermen the next season. The men who fell the trees are paid by measurement. The brush-clearers and the road-makers, the teamsters and the labourers who help to get the fallen timber out of the roadways and on its way to the creeks, are



LUMBERMEN'S SHANTIES.

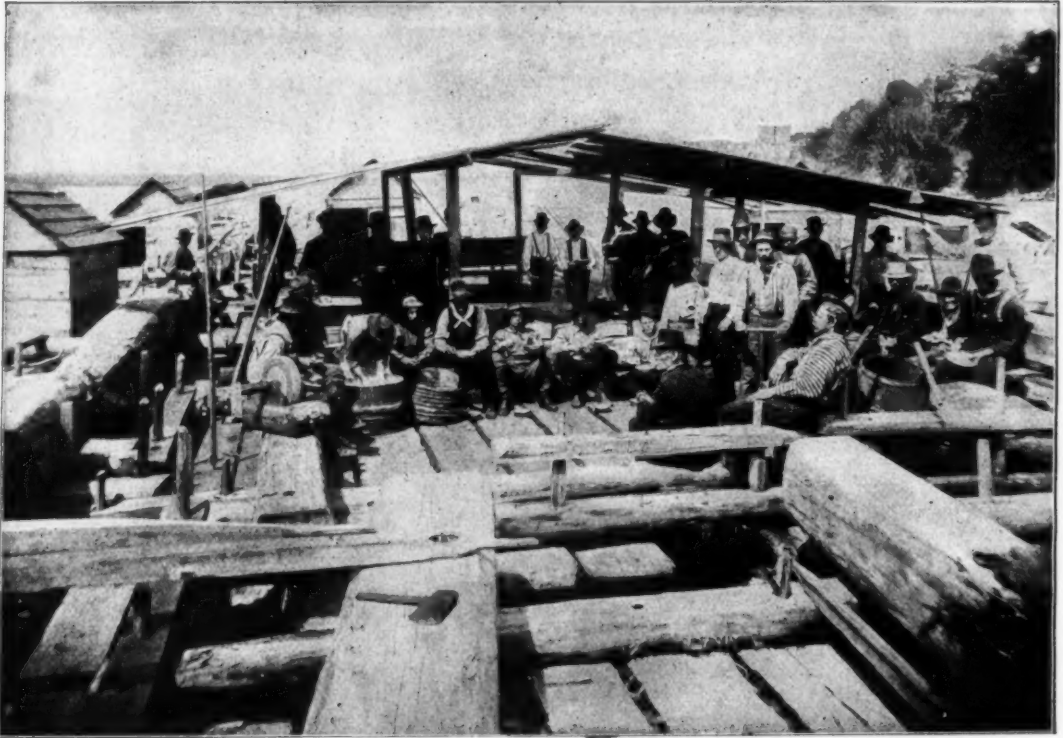


A GIANT RAFT ON THE OTTAWA.

paid monthly wages, and, in addition, food and barrack-like lodgings are provided for them at the shanties. The fare is rough, and work and life hard; but nowhere in America are there finer labouring men than in the lumber shanties

adepts at balancing themselves on floating logs, and at jumping from one log to another.

The greatest trouble with the logs in the tributary rivers is when they form a jam. A jam is brought about in the simplest way.



LIFE ON A RAFT.

in the Ottawa country, and on the rafts on the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers.

As the round timber is cut down, it is sawn into twelve and sixteen foot logs, according to the use to which it is to be put when it reaches the mill. The logs are branded and hauled on sleds over the snow to the creek or river. The rivers at this time are frozen deep. The logs are piled on the ice, and with the thaw and the floods from the melting snow, they start on their long journey to the mill. From many of the limits the logs have to travel down two or three tributary streams before they reach the Ottawa.

The season in which the logs are cut comes to an end before the snow goes, and many of the men from the shanties make their way back to the settled country over the snow before it begins to melt. Others, who have been at the shanties for the winter, journey down to the mills with the logs. These men get the logs down the creeks and smaller rivers to the main stream, where they are made up into cribs and rafts. With the spring freshets, the logs travel quickly down-stream. The men go down with them, and help the logs over the falls and through the rapids. Canadian lumbermen are

When it occurs, an immense amount of hard work is needed to break it up, and to open out the stream again. Two or three logs athwart a rock or a boulder are enough to start the mischief. The logs then jam and pile one on another until they cover the river for miles, and by holding the water back cause great floods. Each day then increases the mischief, and adds to the enormous accumulation of logs. There is seldom any cultivated land to be damaged by the floods resulting from the jam; but when the rivers overflow their banks, they carry with them thousands of logs, which have either to be carried back to the stream by the lumbermen, or abandoned high and dry where they have been deposited by the floods. Either alternative entails loss. Each lumber firm knows what has been the season's cut on its limits, and some accounting has to be made by the men who are engaged in the work of bringing down the logs. When a jam occurs, the lumbermen set to work at its head, and in desperate cases they clear a channel only by a liberal use of dynamite.

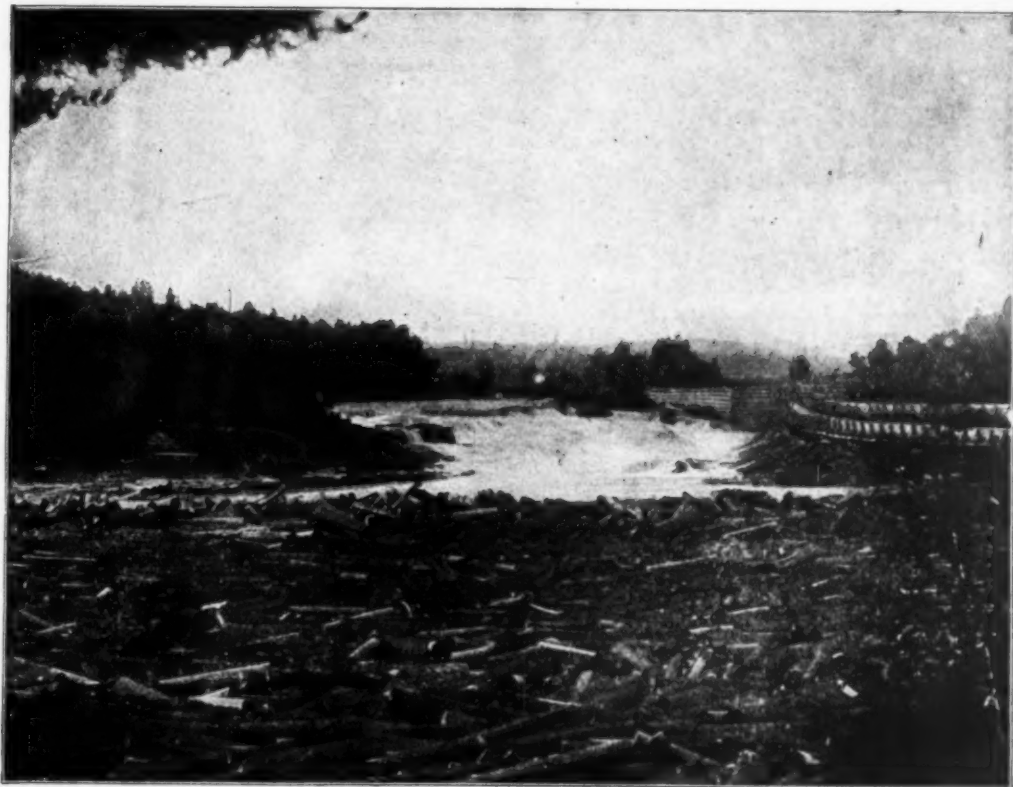
At places where the tributary streams join the Ottawa, the logs are lashed together in cribs and formed into immense rafts, with the

square hard-wood logs laid on the top of the round timber. These are the more valuable logs, on which much labour has been expended before being committed to the water for their voyage down the river to the seaports. When a raft has been constructed, a steamer is attached to one corner of it, and the raft is towed down the stream. From forty to sixty men travel with some of these enormous rafts, and for their accommodation ten or a dozen roughly constructed deck-houses, as well as a cook-house and a large dining-room, are provided.

The voyage down-stream is slow, and as long as the raft is in the ordinary reaches of the river, or passing through the lakes into which the Ottawa frequently widens, the work of the crew is not laborious. Their most arduous work is at the falls. When these are reached, the raft is broken up into cribs, and in this form the logs are floated over the falls. At the foot of the rapids all hands are soon at work getting the cribs together and reconstructing the raft. Another steamer is attached in place of the one left above the falls, and the raft goes

the boom, the logs are sorted according to their brandings and their destination. Those for Hull are sent to the mills; while most of the square logs are sent down the slides at Chaudière Falls, and in the bay below Parliament Hill, at Ottawa, they are put again into raft-shape for their voyage to Quebec. They come down the rivers rough-hewn at the ends. At Quebec they are hauled up on the strand, and butted square and true for shipment abroad.

As long as the rivers are free from ice, logs are on their way down from the limits to the sorting-boom. Among lumbermen the first general collection of the logs in spring in the tributary rivers is known as the "main drive." Most of the season's logs go down in this drive. Following the main drive comes the "little sweep," when men go out in boats and set afloat the logs left stranded at the sides of the rivers. Later on men scour the lands on the riverbanks, and with cant-hooks drag to the stream the logs carried ashore by the floods. In the same way the bays and inlets of the Ottawa River are scoured, and the derelict logs sent on



STRANDED LOGS.

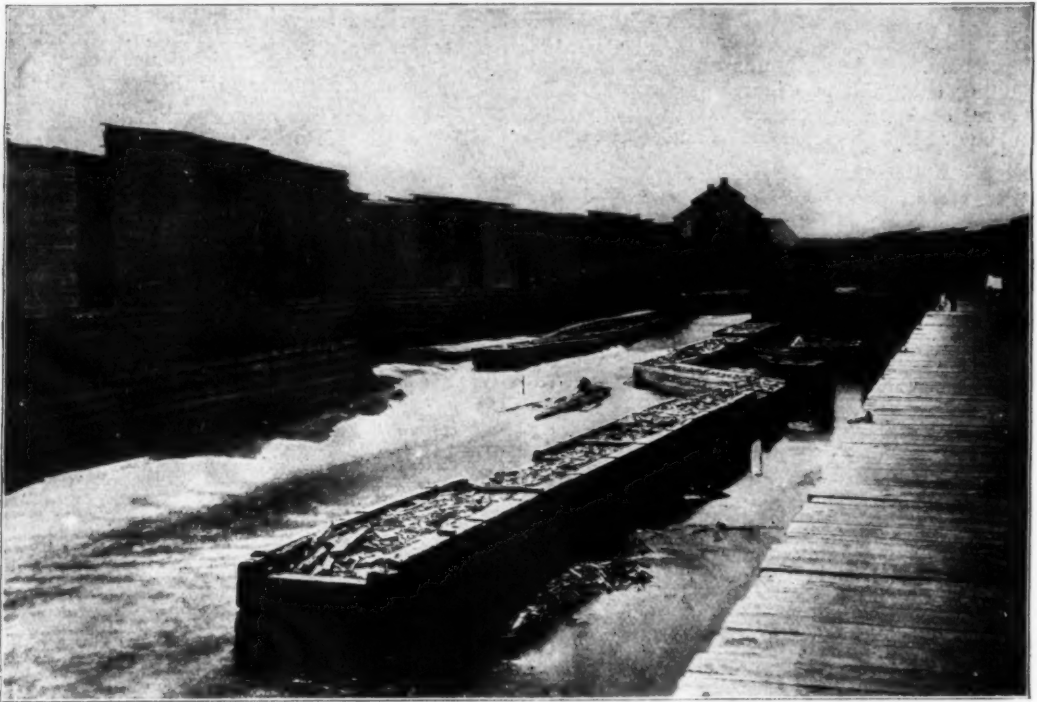
on in this fashion until it comes within a short distance of the falls of Chaudière, at Ottawa. There it is dismantled, and the scores of thousands of logs of which it is formed are floated down to the Government sorting-boom. At

their voyage down-stream. Nearly all the logs cut and branded on the limits sooner or later reach the Government boom. The percentage of loss on the way down is but small. The floods which carry the logs too far inland to

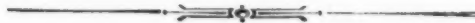
admit of their being recovered, are responsible for most of the derelicts which are finally abandoned.

Between the lumber industry and cattle-raising on the plains there are several points of resemblance. The round-ups on the ranches, followed by the inspection of brands and the claiming of cattle, are somewhat like the main drive and the work carried on at the sorting-boom. In the lumber trade, as in cattle-raising on the plains, there is the same respect for brands, and there are similar strict laws against the appropriation of stragglers and derelicts.

The Canadian laws in regard to logs on the way down the rivers are exceedingly strict. If a saw-mill owner on one of the streams is found with a log in his possession on which there is a neighbour's brand, the neighbour who has been robbed can obtain a sheriff's order, and take possession of all the sawn lumber on the mill premises. Generally speaking, however, the lumber industry on a great river is in comparatively few hands; the Government is also to some extent a partner in the business; and the wealthy firms concerned join forces to protect their own interests.



A LUMBER MILL AND ITS WORK.





THE PORT OF LONDON.

III.

THE Crutched Friars warehouse has an interesting history in a small way. Here, and not at Whitehall, was the old Navy Office, where Samuel Pepys worked for so many years, as recorded in his famous Diary. When the Navy Office removed to Somerset House the East India Company took the property; and their lions and flags are still to be seen at the gates. Before the Navy Office came it was Lumley House, which stood on the site of the monastery of Holy Cross Friars from which the street got its curious name.

Tobacco. We have mentioned a few of the goods this large brick building contains, among others the bales of sarsaparilla, the balls of musk, the horns of civet, and the lumps of ambergris (which we here illustrate), to which we might have added the fruit of the vanilla—or vanilloes, as it is officially called—noteworthy as the only orchid as yet used in the arts, the particular art being cookery



AMBERGRIS.

But beyond these, it is the great warehouse for manufactured tobacco. To it come all the cigars and cigarettes and cavendish that arrive in the docks of London. In its showrooms the

cigars sold by auction are periodically exhibited, about a couple of hundred cases, not boxes, but cases of boxes, being generally on view. Add to the cigars—two-thirds of which come from the United States—some 600 cases of cigarettes, each case holding 50,000, and add to these about 1,400 cases of cavendish, of 150 lb. each, and you get a respectable total.

Here the cigars are weighed for the purposes of duty; here the cakes of cavendish are taken out of the boxes in which they come packed in a solid mass, and each of them is wrapped round with the stamp it bears when sold in the shops. Here the ships' supplies are made up for the mercantile marine. Every ship is allowed to take so much tobacco, duty free, for the use of the crew, and has to send in here its list of quantities and qualities required, which are neatly packed in cases and forwarded as if from the stores. This alone is a large business, for the merchant seaman has a wide range of taste among the advertised trade names, and, unlike the navy man, can gratify it to the full.

There are two million pounds of manufactured tobacco in bond at any one time in the United Kingdom, and London holds three-quarters of it. The stock keeps pretty level, but the imports always increase. Over 38,000 tons of tobacco of all sorts come into this country in a year, and these are worth over four millions of money, of which Liverpool takes about two and a half millions, and London more than a million. The customs classify tobacco under two headings: Unmanufactured and Manufactured; the latter being subdivided into cigars, cavendish or negrohead, snuff, and other sorts. The last of these is worth only £200,000, and need not detain us; nor need snuff, which is now a mere trifle. In 1896 only £2 in value was imported, in 1897 the imports amounted to £540, and over four years the average per year was only £707, of which all

but the £7 came from Brazil. Cavendish or negrohead is another triviality; it averages about £44,000 a year. With cigars we come to business; they are worth a million and a half.

Of unmanufactured tobacco London, in quantity, takes about a quarter, and Liverpool



A CADDY OF MUSK.

five-eighths; but Liverpool tobacco is, on the average, of a cheaper grade than the London supply. The cheapest tobacco is from Japan; it costs about 4½d. a pound. That from the United States, which forms three-fourths of our supply, averages 6½d.; Turkish tobacco, forming about a sixth of the total, is worth just double this; and Holland, which sends us more tobacco than any country except the States, does not supply us with cheap stuff, as is generally supposed, but with good qualities, averaging over a shilling a pound.

Thirty-eight thousand tons of tobacco, producing a revenue of £10,500,000 a year! We wonder what King James would have thought of it in his first frame of mind, when he issued his *Counterblaste* and taxed "the stinking, loathsome thing," or in his second, when he made it a royal monopoly to get as much out of it as he could. He was not the only ruler who objected to tobacco. The Czar cut smokers' noses off; the Sultan rammed their pipes through their nostrils; the Shah and the Great Mogul were even more vindictive, and the Popes joined in the crusade, and, very pardonably, threatened with excommunication any who should take snuff or tobacco in a church. For smoking, when it began in Europe, was

undoubtedly a dirty thing. It was not as it is now, except exceptionally. It was, as it was called, "drinking tobacco," with much squirting of the smoke through the nostrils and plentiful expectoration.

It first came to Europe some three hundred years ago; but when, exactly, nobody seems to know. Nicot, who got his name tacked on to it, was a Frenchman, who merely bought at Lisbon a few seeds from a Fleming who had brought them from Florida. Some of these he sent to the Grand Prior of France; some he sowed in his garden, and raised a few plants, of which he gave a specimen or two to Catherine de Medici, in 1561. But it had been grown in Spanish gardens at least thirty years before, by Gonzalo Hernandez de Oviedo, who was the first to call it tabaco and give a full description of it. The world knows more of its treasures now. There was then supposed to be only one species of it, *Nicotiana tabacum*, which is still the main source of supply; but nowadays, in British gardens, over thirty species are in cultivation—two from Australia, two from China and one from Nepaul, and twenty-seven from America, one of which, *N. rustica*, yields Turkish, Syrian, Latakia, and the rest of the Asiatic group except Shiraz, which is *N. persica*, an indigenous plant of Farsistan. These are species, be it understood, and not varieties. Of the one species that Gonzalo described, no less than sixty-five varieties are known to American planters, and appear in the trade catalogues of the tobacco seedsmen.

Most of them have come by accident. In 1852 the brothers Slade of Caswell County, North Carolina, sowed some tobacco on poor soil, which came up of a light colour, and when cured with charcoal fires yielded leaves of lemon-yellow colour and very



HORN OF CIVET.

sweet. Year after year they kept this straining going with moderate success until, between 1870 and 1880, a great demand for it arose and it spread amazingly. It did best with little manure and on poor soils with as much as 93 per cent. of silicates. Farms that had been abandoned as worked out sold for six to ten pounds an acre;

towns revived and increased rapidly in population; and the yellow tobacco of North Carolina became more beneficial to it than a gold mine. It spread to North Georgia, to South Carolina, and now it is being grown in Tennessee.

In 1864 George Webb sowed some seed of the Red Burley variety; in the middle of the field the plants came up whitish and sickly. As he had none to spare, he transplanted these with the rest and they retained their peculiar colour, and ripened a fortnight earlier than those around. When cured, the leaves were golden brown above and whitish below. Next year he planted ten acres with the seed, and thus began the cultivation of the famous White Burley. The tobacco of our Royal Navy, which used to be Green River, is now mostly White Burley; in the granulated smoking mixtures the chief ingredient is White Burley; in almost every good tobacco

true that mild tobacco suits the sedentary, while the strong is most enjoyed by those who live out of doors, what a very outdoor life those Acadians must have led—that is, if they smoked their own carottes.

Where it
is grown.

The great tobacco-growing State of the Union is Kentucky; it produces half the crop grown in America. North Carolina comes next, Virginia being now a bad third. A good deal of our shag comes from the Green River district of Kentucky, though most of it is now raised in Southern Indiana. The leaf that gives us Bird's Eye is grown in the Burley districts, and in Virginia and North Carolina. But, as a rule, the names the raw material bears on the other side of the Atlantic are very different to those we know the finished product by. Take this list of shipments for instance, "Brown roll



SARSAPARILLA BALES.

there is White Burley among the mixture, for brands in the tobacco trade are all blends, and complicated blends too. The varieties are grown separate on the farms, and go to the warehouses separate; but in the American warehouses they are blended to give different characters and qualities, and when the exported casks reach our manufacturers a further sorting and blending takes place.

One or two kinds pass through from grower to consumer without being interfered with. There is Périque, for instance, of which only 175,000 lb. are made in a year, all passing through the hands of one firm, and all grown in the same district of Louisiana where it was first raised by Pierre Chenet, after whom it is named. How many who read Longfellow's "Evangeline" are aware that "the simple Acadian farmers" deported from Grand Pré settled in Louisiana to grow Périque? If it be

wrapper; Spinning leaf; Heavy cutter; Plug wrapper; Irish filler; Scotch spinner; Irish spinner; Scotch elder"—the last so popular among the tobacconists of the north, because 100 lb. of it will take up 55 lb. of water.

Many of these tobaccos are in strips—that is, have the midrib cut out of the leaves. We get yearly about 14,000 casks of Virginia, North Carolina, and East Tennessee strips, and 10,000 casks of Virginia and North Carolina leaf, in addition to 40,000 casks of Western tobacco—that is, such as is not grown in the seaboard States—this inland supply consisting of 28,000 casks of western strips, 10,000 of dried leaf, and 2,000 of White Burley. The light leaves, like the last, are cured in the air; the yellow leaves are mostly cured in sheds, often with charcoal; heavy shipping tobacco is cured by open fires, and thus the leaves get choked with smoky deposits that help in its preservation. This

accounts for the colour, though soil and manure have something to do with it, but not for its strength, as it is a mistake to suppose that dark tobacco is necessarily stronger than the lighter coloured.

Dark or light, there is enough at Victoria Dock to raise a cloud that would cover London, and cost nine millions of money. Among the 20,000 tons in bond at a time you will find every sort, from all round the world, in cask or box or bale. Here are American tobaccos being weighed in big hogsheads that hold seven hundredweight or even half a ton. Here is Japan tobacco in the broad, dark leaves, that are now so largely used for cheap cigars. Little thinks the tripper that the skin of the twopenny smoke he so carefully chooses came not from Cuba, but from Japan! The days of the cabbage fillings with an American covering have departed now that tobacco can be had

the base of the stalk, through which it has been strung when hung up to dry. In some cases, where the package has gone wrong through mildew or other cause, every leaf has to be examined as it is sorted out into qualities down to the unsaleable; and, under any circumstances, every package has to be weighed and sampled, so that the tobacco warehouse is by no means a sleepy place; nor does there seem to be much fear of the healthy-looking people employed in it being narcotised, as some who abhor tobacco have told us they must inevitably be.

Cutler Street
Warehouse.

Another of the uptown warehouses, that in Cutler Street, Houndsditch, also used to belong to the East India Company. It covers four acres of ground, and is mainly devoted to tea; but there is much that is interesting among its miscellanca.



IN THE CUTLER STREET CARPET ROOM.

that costs less than cabbages. Paper, it is true, we still hear of, that is steeped in tobacco liquor; but we have no longer a manufacturer, as we once had, who successfully resists the payment of duty on the ground that no tobacco at all is used on his premises.

Here is Sumatra tobacco, with the leaves folded so as to prevent evaporation; here is Kanaster, which takes its name from the rush-baskets in which it was originally packed; here is Latakia, which owes its peculiar flavour to being cured over fires of camels' dung; here is Turkish, of all qualities, in its peculiar "ballots," six of them in each case. The Turkish tobacco plant has on the average about fifteen leaves, only four or five of which yield the best quality; these are small, measuring about two inches by an inch and a half, affording a strong contrast to the Japanese, which may measure a foot or more, with a width of six or eight inches.

Every leaf, small or large, has a slit in it at

Carpets and
Oriental Ware.

Hither come large quantities of carpets and rugs—Persian, Indian, Turkish, Japanese. You pass bay after bay of them laid out for show, a wonderful display of colour harmony in wools and cotton, silks and velvet, helped by the gloomy background of the walls and lighted by the row of windows along one side.

Another attraction is the ware from China and Japan—some of it of the best, some of it of the commonest; and here are odds and ends on which the freight and charges must be any number of times the intrinsic value. Conspicuous on the shelves is a little of the old blue ware that the Delft potters copied years and years ago. As a contrast is an array of Kaga, resplendent in red and gilt, and richly painted Satsuma, with its yellow crackled face, and Imari and Seto, and eggshell that looks as though a breath would break it, and a few vases of more sober Cloisonné, that curious

counterfeit, invented since housemaids became careless, in which metal masquerades as crockery and merely dents when it falls. A few big cabinets in lacquer work are standing about, monstrosities most of them, though we had better call them quaint. Some of them have been waiting for years to find a purchaser; one of them, that looks like a nightmare in red sealing-wax, probably never will, unless under the auctioneer's hammer.

Madras
Handkerchiefs. Here also are a few packages of stuff, affording an excellent object-lesson in the by-paths of trade. These are small cotton cloths, of striped and crossed patterns, made in Madras, shipped from there to London, and then shipped back again to

freight Manchester has made imitations of them, exact in pattern and quality; but again the natives have refused them, detecting them at once by the absence of the characteristic odour.

Silk. To this warehouse also comes raw silk, the trade in which is rapidly drifting away from us. Most of it hails from France, China being second on the list; the best comes from Japan. India sends us a good deal of tussore, or wild silk, in dark coloured skeins; in fact, France, China, and Bengal account for more than five-sixths of our raw silk trade. Half the raw silk, half the thrown silk, and three-quarters of the knubs or husks and waste come to London, whose share of un-



A CONSIGNMENT OF BIRD-SKINS.

Southern India, where the natives wear them as their only apparel. The patterns are practically tartans, each clan having its special design in which the stripe is the principal feature; and not the slightest variation is permissible. "The clan tartans of Southern India" is a remarkable thing in itself, but something still more remarkable is that the people will not wear them until, like young Madeira, they have had a sea voyage. In the days of the East India Company, when the trade was begun, these goods were brought to Cutler Street, and to Cutler Street they continue to come, notwithstanding all the improvements in the ways of communication. Attempts have been made to send these handkerchiefs direct down south from Madras, but the natives would have nothing to do with them. To save half the

manufactured silk altogether is still worth a million a year.

Feathers. At Cutler Street are held the feather sales, which take place every two months. Hither come fancy feathers and bird-skins from all parts of the world; it is the headquarters of the trade, though most of the lots are bought for the Continent, whence they return in a manufactured state.

A feather show is a wonderful sight, but an ornithologist cannot contemplate it without a shudder, whatever interest he may take in the specimens. Here are humming-birds by the thousand, great packing-cases full of them; lovely things no bigger than hawk-moths—think how closely they pack, and what a case of them means! Here are birds of paradise by the

dozen; there are about thirty varieties of them known in the trade. Valuable things these; one of them is handed us to look at; it is worth £30. Here are heaps of parrots and Himalayan pheasants; handfuls of the long filament feathers

farming can only be a profitable pursuit where land is cheap, for each bird requires ten acres to roam about on.

The feathers are known as "boos" and "feminas," the latter being those of the hen,

which are always of mixed colour, the male's feathers being white or black. They vary much in quality and value, the mysteries of which no outsider can fathom, though he may get so far as knowing a genuine wing or tail feather, when he sees one, by its having its webs of equal width. The best feathers are the thirty-four taken from the wing, the first quality of these being distinguished by the coloured ribbon with which they are tied up. The "crop" is harvested every eight months, the quills being cut a little before they are ripe, the stumps being easily with-

drawn a month or so afterwards, for we no longer pull out the plumage by the roots as we did when the industry started, some thirty years ago.

W. J. GORDON.

from the upper tail coverts of the great white egret, worth a guinea an ounce; and other "osprey" plumes from Turkey and South Russia, Brazil, Venezuela, Florida, Burma, South India, and Africa. The trade thrives and languishes as fashion dictates, but is bound to continue until fashion, in an unlikely mood, resolves to limit its choice of feathers to those of domestic poultry and other game fowls. Perhaps the time is coming when we shall farm our egrets as we do our ostriches.

At the December sale over 60,000 lb. of ostrich feathers are sold, and there are at least 120 good feathers in each pound. In the early days of ostrich farming every pound of feathers was worth a hundred sovereigns, but that is not so now. Ostrich farmers are grumbling—they would not be farmers if they did not—but they have cause. The future is evidently not promising. There is one limitation which will certainly tell in the end: ostrich



A FEATHER SALE.



WEIGHING FEATHERS.

BY FANCY LED.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "LISBETH," ETC.



THE MISTRESS OF KING'S FARM.

"For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won
Than woman's are."

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Arthur, dear boy, your uncle and I have come to congratulate you. Yes, you may well look surprised when you know how dearly I pay for the least little exertion; but having been afflicted all my life with such wretched weak health, it would be quite inhuman if I did not rejoice at your escape from a similar fate. So I said to the Colonel, since that dear, delightful Dr. Anderson has

given Arthur a clean bill of health—as *you* would say, Thomas, for you will admit I detest slang—you must put me in the carriage and take me to Margaret's this very night. I could not shut an eye if I delayed till the morning. Did I not say so, my dear?"

"You certainly did," replied Colonel Simpson, a small man, with very bushy whiskers and a dry manner.

"Yes, I should have felt guilty—positively guilty—if you had inherited my shattered constitution; and being your mother's only sister, and never more than the two of us, there was nothing more likely. I do so strongly believe in that terrible doctrine of heredity."

"In that case," said Margaret Shore, looking

up from her knitting with a quiet smile, "it must comfort you to think that, being a degree nearer to me than to you, Bessie, Arthur is more likely to take after his mother, and you know I have never had anything worth mentioning the matter with me."

"No; it astonishes me every time I think of it, that we should be sisters and so unlike! Sometimes, do you know, I have even thought, dear, if I could hand on to you a little bit of my invalidism——"

"It would be a pity to overstock the profession," said the Colonel, with his most wooden expression.

"Oh, Thomas, Thomas," said his wife, shaking an impressive finger at the little man, "you do love to make light of my ailments, but some day, when I'm gone——"

"Don't let us think of anything so gloomy," cried young Shore, breaking in with haste, forewarned of what was coming, as he saw Aunt Bessie fumbling among the folds of her gown in search of her pocket-handkerchief. "It's really awfully good of you to come out at night on purpose to see me. Dr. Anderson gave a capital account of me. I believe the old fellow was laughing at me in his sleeve all the time. He said he supposed I had been working too hard at doing nothing."

Mrs. Simpson had stemmed her emotion, until she could find the morsel of cambric and lace needful to assuage her tears, and she now quite forgot it in the new turn Arthur had given to her thoughts.

"Isn't that like the monster!" she cried. "Just like his odd, eccentric, Scotch ways."

"It's a saving grace in these days to have been born north of the Tweed," the Colonel put in solemnly.

"Well, my dear, you are half Scotch yourself. That's why you always let my little jokes pass unobserved. But never mind that now—tell us what else he said, Arthur? Of course one doesn't want humour in a doctor. It would be *most* out of place."

Arthur's eyes twinkled.

"He said, as I was clearly overworked, I had better carry my idleness down into the country with me, and nurse it there for a while. He named a farmhouse which has the advantage of being three miles distant from the post, and where the newspapers are two days old when they are delivered. He advises me to retire from the world for a bit—in short; and the only hard condition he made was, that I wasn't to take any relations or friends with me."

He glanced across at his mother, and their eyes met in a smile of sympathetic understanding.

"That *is* a pity," said Aunt Bessie plaintively, "for I was just thinking how nice it would be if I were to join you. I love simplicity and rusticity, and all that. I do think we live too much in the world; delicate as I am, I cannot prevent people from rushing in to tea. They come in crowds. 'We know you're always at home, and it's so nice to count on a welcome,'

they say; and indeed my teas have quite a little reputation. I am most particular about having hot scones, and little cakes and sandwiches. The dear folk bring me all the news; but delightful though it is to feel that one is not forgotten, and has still one's little place in society, it is sometimes rather wearing. Those ladies in olden times who retreated regularly for a month or so into a convent were so wise! But your farm, set in the middle of nowhere, would be almost as good as a convent, Arthur, wouldn't it? Think of the delicious peace of it, and the freedom from domestic cares! No cook to interview, no dinners to order! One could almost live on strawberries and cream, and, let me see—we are still in May—of course there would be nightingales—I dote on nightingales!"

"I hope I sha'n't be expected to live on nightingales, or even strawberries," said Arthur, with a laugh.

"If there was cream, there would also be cows," said the Colonel, looking at his wife; "and I never knew you to endure the neighbourhood of one even walled in a field."

But she ignored the thrust.

"I wonder if I could coax Dr. Anderson to send me there," she mused. "He isn't very pliable, the gruff old dear; and he does say queer things sometimes! When I was describing my sufferings, and telling him how thankful I was that we had no children to inherit my wretched constitution, he said that imaginary ailments could not be transmitted. It sounded very rude—as if I were making a fuss about nothing; but I reflected that it was only his considerate way of not letting me get alarmed about myself. Give me anything to swallow, I always say, but don't tell me what is the matter with me: I should positively die of sheer fright! I haven't your strength of mind, Arthur."

"My courage wasn't put to the test," he answered lightly. "It makes you feel rather a fool to have screwed yourself up to be sentenced, and to be let off with nothing after all; but when you've got over being ashamed of yourself, it's rather jolly."

"You are a very, very lucky boy," said Aunt Bessie, with a self-commiserating sigh that did its best to be honest; and yet, deprive her of the perennial interests of her tonic and her temperature, and what would be left her in life? "Yes, for once I will transgress rules and take a cup, I really cannot resist the temptation": she addressed her sister, who was now pouring out the tea in her placid, dignified fashion. "But very weak, please, otherwise I am quite certain to have one of my heart attacks. That was another little confidence I made to Dr. Anderson. It is so unfair, I think, not to tell your doctor everything. I said to him, 'If I take tea or coffee after dinner I suffer tortures from palpitation,' and he said, in his blunt way, 'Then why martyrise yourself, Madam!' You shall take me to see him to-morrow, Thomas, if I am not too complete a wreck after to-night's

exertions; and then I can sound him about the farm, Arthur. We should amuse and console each other so delightfully!"

Young Shore might have been put to it to assent with any semblance of sincerity; but fortunately Aunt Bessie was one of those self-centred people who never wait for a rejoinder. She was all in a bustle now to get home again; she was sure the night air would disagree with her if she stayed another minute, and Kensington was quite a journey from Pont Street. For the hundredth time she wondered how Margaret could live in such an out-of-the-way place—and wasn't she quite ruined in cabs?

It was full ten minutes before this afflicted lady was handed downstairs, and shawled and cloaked and defended from so much as a breath of the night's freshness, sister and nephew ministering to her wants with a gracious smiling goodwill that left the husband nothing to do. He took a rather mean advantage of this, perhaps, by making furtive preparations to walk home. As he was lighting a cigar under the hall lamp, he laid a finger on Arthur's arm. Margaret Shore, with a little lace scarf thrown over her cap, stood at the carriage window listening to some of Bessie's final confidences.

"She hates smoke," said the Colonel, "and there's no room for me in the carriage, with all those stools and cushions. Arthur, my boy, you're going to get married, I hear. Take my advice and put your foot down at the very first symptom of an inclination on your wife's part to turn invalid. It plays the very mischief in a household. You'd better encourage her in any other fad: collecting blue plates, or pugs, or silver toys, or any nonsense of that kind. It will come less expensive in the end. Anything is better than a fancy for imaginary complaints."

Arthur laughed.

"Can you conceive of Delia making a collection of diseases—or anything else, for that matter?"

"Miss Musgrove seems sensible enough; but they all do before marriage. Developments come after. You expect a woman to scream at the sight of a mouse or a blackbeetle—it's a kind of tradition with her; but it passes me to see what pleasure she can find in appropriating all the maladies she has ever read or heard of."

"If there's a hypochondriac in our household I'm more likely to be the culprit than Delia," said Arthur, rather more amused than compassionate over the soldier's woes.

"Well, if one or other of you must go in for that sort of thing, it had better be you," said the Colonel. "A man, as a rule, has the good sense to know where to draw the line. He doesn't want to see a new specialist every month, and he won't try to cure his rheumatism by taking the stuff that relieved somebody else's indigestion. Women, sir, are lost when they begin to tamper with drugs," said the little man, stumping off without a word of farewell—perhaps upon seeing his sister-in-law's attempts to cut short Bessie's second and third thoughts.

"Mother," said Arthur, putting an arm

round her substantial waist, and drawing her upstairs, "if you expose yourself in that reckless manner to the night air, you'll be robbing poor Aunt Bessie of her monopoly."

"Poor Bessie," said Mrs. Shore, with humorous compassion in her blue eyes. "Life has been a little bit too easy for her; she ought to have had half a dozen boys."

"As if you didn't find your hands full with one!"

"Yes, when he is naughty enough to fall ill. Arthur," her smile faded into anxious gravity, "have you told me everything the doctor said?"

Eyes, which were the marrow of her own in colour and expression, looked at her with quizzical affection. These two were all in all to each other.

"Every blessed word, goosie. Of course he said I must take decent care of myself for a year or two yet; but that's what they've all said. And, after all, it's no more than every fellow has to do unless he wants to be cut off in his prime, like the hero of a lady's novel."

Mrs. Shore sighed. "Your father wouldn't take care," she said.

"A soldier has sometimes to choose death before life, even if it doesn't come to him by way of battle," he said, his face kindling. He had been taught from the early days of his orphanhood to stand, as it were, mentally bare-headed in love and respect before the image of that dead father who had fallen in the way of duty, though not by the sword.

As the only son of his mother, it had been early settled that Arthur should not follow his father's profession. The boy had rebelled a little in secret, for it seemed a tame thing to stay at home engrossed with musty law folios, when almost every Shore before him had gone adventuring, lance in hand, over half the world. But he was her all, and he was delicate, and Margaret Shore had passionately refused to let him run the risks of Indian suns and Indian cholera, that one invincible foe against whom even British valour and British pluck are ranked in vain.

It was the general opinion in the Shore family that she, who was of no particular lineage, and country bred, would spoil Arthur and make a milksop of him; but Arthur was no more spoiled than any other sound-hearted, well-principled young fellow, who has had a great deal of love and a very comfortable amount of money to make life easy for him. When he was eating his dinners at the Inner Temple, his uncle, the General, who considered barrister and beggar to be interchangeable terms, wrote a peppery letter, condemning his choice in no measured language; but even he was forced to respect the lad when Arthur, with fiery haste, despatched a spirited reply.

"The young spark as good as told me to mind my own business," the General chuckled, rather pleased than otherwise that the boy had metal enough to show fight. "He has a drop or two of Shore blood in him after all."

But in truth Arthur's instincts were mainly peaceful, though he had an enormous admiration for his warlike ancestors. He had a pretty little turn for literature, and he had a happy delusion that he meant to support the household, of which he hoped to be head, on the graceful fugitive verse and the smart magazine stories which were the occupation of his leisure.

cannot bar out. In sharp illness and languid convalescence, in hurried escapes abroad, his mother sharing his flight from the treacherous English climate, in a hundred petty and trying precautions and irksome restrictions, he learned his soldier's part in life's discipline—that battlefield upon which we must all engage.

And now, after a year or two of struggle, his



CHOCOLATES.

The apple of his mother's eye, and engaged to the dearest and most charming girl in the world, his had indeed been a rose-strewn lot, until upon a day there knocked at the door of his house of pleasure that dread guest whom love and money, magic powers as they are,

sound constitution won the day, and he could march with his fellows, his head held up and no need to dread falling out of the ranks and dying by the wayside.

"He owes something to my people too," his mother cried, with tears and thankful prayers,

which none but her Maker saw or heard. She did not come of great folks, this placid simple woman, but she could pass on to her son a tradition of temperate living and moral cleanliness that were a finer fortune than the money she had brought into the family. Such ancestors, living lives as wholesome as the country air they breathe, count for much in a man's history when it comes to a tussle with death.

As for young Shore himself, none but those who have daily seen the Shadow of the Great Presence lie across life, and watched for the uplifting, beckoning finger, will appreciate the immensity of his relief when he passed out from the great consultant's room with the gift of a new span of days.

"There's nothing the matter with you." Nothing the matter with you! The loud, abrupt, half impatient sentence seemed to echo up and down the street, as if somebody were minded to set it to music and was trying it in different keys.

The Italian organ man was grinding it out as Arthur sped by, throwing a little fortune of coppers to the dancing children. It was fit, indeed, that they should dance on this jocund day, when he had entered into the inheritance of the world.

Flowers? Where had he seen those daffodils? Let's buy them all and take them to the mater, and chocolates for Delia, who, perfect as she was, of course, had that one little human and feminine weakness!

So that was how Aunt Bessie came to find her sister's drawing-room all pranked and scented with spring, and to ask plaintively how she could afford to spend so much on cut flowers.

"But of course you'll be spared doctor's bills after this," she said, with a kind of mournful satisfaction that that privilege would be all her own now, and her nephew had laughed and gaily echoed the "of course."

Arthur had had time to get over the first wild feeling of joy, as he sat helping Delia to munch the chocolates in the professor's dingy Bayswater lodging; but the soberer satisfaction tinged and coloured all his thoughts, though he could not so easily express it.

"If you had fallen into consumption, Arthur, I'm afraid you would have dropped into poetry too," Delia had said, "and it is only a very, very few *sick* people who should be allowed to make verses; Heine, and one or two others, perhaps, who can be trusted with pathos."

"Why, Delia, you are awfully severe. Is a poor fellow to be denied his pretty fancies because he's laid by the heels? What are they more to him than these chocolates to you?"

"Equally sickly and unsubstantial!" she said with a laugh. "There are to be no more chocolates, Arthur. They are quite beneath the dignity of a barrister, and as for a typist—think how very foolish I should look if a customer came in and found me with a caramel in my mouth."

"Let me see how you look when you look foolish."

"If you are silly I shall have to put on another kind of expression," she threatened.

"You seem to have a great many at command," he laughed; "but, look here," he went on, with some gravity, "you must practise them all on me, Delia, and not on anyone else, not even if it's what you call a client. You know we agreed that there was to be none of that nonsense of taking orders from strangers."

"Did we agree that you were to have everything your own way?" she asked, with a spark of spirit. "Well, if we did, it was only when you were ill. Everybody gives in to a sick body, but now——"

"No; not now about this thing, dear"; he put a persuasive hand on hers. "If you think it's your duty to type the rot your uncle writes!"

"Rot!" she cried. "Oh, if he could hear you!"

"He can't." Arthur glanced at a closed door opposite the sofa where they sat. "He hears nothing but what his witches and warlocks say to him. Well, if he wants you to be his secretary—I suppose you must——"

"Really! How very wonderful."

"But you shall be at nobody else's beck and call. Promise me this thing, Delia, before I go."

"I wonder what would happen if I didn't?"

"I think," he said, with a twinkle, "if you didn't, I'd promptly fall ill again. That's what would happen!"

CHAPTER II.

HER women acquaintances thought it a great pity Delia Musgrove should be so poor and be compelled to live with a musty old uncle who was a perfect dungeon of learning, and never, so to speak, came to the surface of his own mind. They even forgave their brothers and cousins when they expressed themselves anxious and willing to make Delia rich, for she was one of those rare creatures who can walk through life holding out a hand of frank and cordial friendship to either sex, and offending neither. Even the lovers whom she refused did not leave her in any bitterness of spirit. The lover whom she accepted might therefore be considered a very lucky man, though he had not yet succeeded in persuading her that it was her instant duty to marry him.

"Let me see—you are going to King's Hall for a month—two months?" she asked, holding him at arm's length, when he came to say good-bye. "I'm afraid Uncle George won't have got much nearer this century by that time, poor dear. Nothing wakes him up except a piano-organ or a brass band."

"Then, if that's the remedy, I'll bribe every street musician in London to play under his window."

"Oh, no, you won't, dear, because I should have to bribe them all to go away again, and that would be shockingly expensive."

"Then I'll tell you what, I've a brilliant idea. We'll settle in the country; I'll look out for a house when I'm down in Hertford, and we'll get him to come and live with us. I daresay there are places to be had with cloisters and fish-ponds and dungeons, and that sort of thing—we might even secure a ghost to help his illusions—and he could retire quite comfortably into the past, and forget our existence. It's the clash between the outer and the inner life that worries him here."

"The grinder might cease to torment," said Delia, narrowing the lids over her pretty hazel eyes, and showing all her dimples, "but what about the domestic fowl, not to speak of the cock—

"that is the trumpet of the morn'?"

It was a 'shrieking rooster' that nearly wrecked the 'History of the French Revolution.'

"We needn't keep a poultry yard."

"But it wouldn't be a real, proper country house without 'hennes and such wilde fowl.' Besides, hadn't you better prove the country before you settle to belong to it? There are a few little drawbacks hidden on the other side of the tapestry—muddy roads and earwigs: I don't think I could reconcile myself to an earwig even if it were taking the air in a cloister."

"We could come up to town in the winter."

"You would have to come up to town every day, since the Inner Temple would not come to you. Wouldn't it be a case of 'My wife lives in Hertfordshire, but I live on the Metropolitan Railway'?"

"I don't believe you want to marry me at all!"

"Don't I? Perhaps you know best. I'll think about it seriously. I have two months to make up my mind in."

"Of course you will both come down to see me," said Arthur, with his head out of the carriage window as he bade good-bye next day to his two dear womenkind on the platform, who had been vying with each other in last admonitions.

"That old curmudgeon only shut you out, Mummie, because he knows how you spoil me. As for Delia—"

"Oh, I should be forbidden because I don't indulge you," cried the girl gaily.

"Well, you'll come down and do a little lecturing, and the Mummie will bring you, to see you're not too hard on a poor fellow. I'll order such a dinner as you never sat down to before, and pre-engage a choir of nightingales. There's a beastly porter banging the doors, so I suppose we're off. You'll take care of yourselves? I've half a mind to get out and see you safe home."

"Such conceit!" said Delia gaily; "as if two born Londoners couldn't be trusted to find their way from Baker Street to Kensington! I'll take care of the mother"; she looked down with a great deal of tenderness on the short, stout, elderly lady at her side. "I am used to

taking care of people," she added, half under her breath.

They talked of Arthur for a few minutes while they waited for their omnibus. Then Mrs. Shore remembered a shop at the farther end of Baker Street she wished to visit. Delia volunteered to walk there with her.

"Come home with me to lunch afterwards," said Mrs. Shore.

But Delia said she couldn't.

"Uncle George wouldn't eat anything if he had to go in search of it," she said. "I don't believe he would know where to go, to begin with! It hasn't dawned on him yet that a dining-room is a place to take meals in. His little study represents the world to him."

"But, my dear, are you sure he is being properly nourished? Nothing is so bad for old people as irregular meals."

"Oh, I don't think he suffers. If I put his food down quite near him where he must see it, he assimilates it half unconsciously. I find it a capital plan to block the way to the inkstand; it makes him cross for a minute; then it occurs to him to clear the plate to get it out of the way."

Mrs. Shore listened compassionately to the voice that was so studiously gay. It was a sad uncheerful life for a young girl so fitted in every way for brightness, and she reminded herself of it conscientiously when, with a very natural pang, the thought crossed her mind that some day she must relinquish the light of her own home that it might shine for Delia. But when she ventured some tentative word of sympathy, Delia said with pained eagerness:

"Oh, don't, don't! He has been so good to me; he took me to live with him when I was quite little, and I must have been a nuisance to him; it was such a long time before I could remember always to be quiet and not disturb him, and I used to play at houses with his books. Just imagine his feelings!"

Mrs. Shore had her own inward comment to make. She did not think it such an immense boon to be suffered to live, almost as a favour, in dingy lodgings with an uncongenial companion immersed in his own occupations; but she was wise enough to realise that even his insufficient protection was of value to the girl so early left orphaned.

"Poor little woman! I wish I had found you when you were a homeless mite, Delia; but when your mother went to India we drifted apart, somehow. I don't know why, but people never do write so many letters after they are married."

"Their emotions get another outlet, perhaps, and the charge of a husband must be employment enough for any woman," said Delia, blushing and laughing.

"I am glad Arthur will have you to look after him, dear." It was now Mrs. Shore's turn to give spurs to cheerfulness. "He is a little tiresome about taking care of himself; but a wife can achieve wonders if she only goes the right way to work."

"Oh, mother," said Delia reproachfully, "nobody could take such care of him as you have done, or be half so wise."

"I shouldn't be wise at all, my child, if I didn't know when to abdicate. You and Arthur must marry soon. There is nothing now to hinder; and when I have washed my hands of you both, think what a fine holiday I shall have! I have neglected everybody with gadding abroad so much, and indeed I am in disgrace all round with my husband's relations."

Delia was not deceived for a moment into imagining that her companion was pining for liberty: the idea of the home-loving Mrs. Shore, whom nothing but her son's needs would have induced to cross the Channel and adventure herself into strange countries, running about irresponsibly with no one to look after her or the luggage or take the tickets and study the time-tables, was so absurd that at any other time Delia would have smiled; but she was occupied with a hidden anxiety of her own.

"You know, Mummie," she said, pressing the arm through which she had passed her own, "there is nothing I want so much in all the world as to become your real daughter—I, who have never been anybody's child for so long; but do you think we need be in any hurry? Life has been so beautiful of late, and I have had such a big share of happiness, I think I should be content just to rest for a little and look at it all round and get used to it. I think it would be greedy to ask any more."

They had stopped by a mutual unspoken consent before a lamp shop, and each seemed to be engrossed in examining the gay orange and yellow shades, though probably neither saw them.

"My dear," Mrs. Shore said presently, "are you sure that it is your real feeling, and not one you think you ought to assume? I could understand it at first, before you and Arthur knew so much of each other; but you have been engaged for two years now, and I think when people truly love each other they are not satisfied to wait indefinitely for the closer union of marriage. I know," she said, with simple dignity, "when Arthur's father was ready for me, I was ready to go to him."

Delia bent her stately head for a moment in confusion; then she raised it and looked down with restored courage into the grave face lifted to hers.

"You are right," she said, "and I was a wicked girl to try for a moment to deceive you, for though I have been happy beyond my dreams those two years, I suppose I am like other women in thinking that the best is still before us to be shared together. But I want to come to Arthur as his wife should come." She blushed and hurried on unevenly: "You know Uncle George isn't rich—his books cost so much in the way of research, and he gets so little for them. I daresay if I had been a witch"—she gave an uncertain laugh—"he would have seen that I had a new broomstick when the old one was worn out, but he can't bring his mind to any-

thing so ordinary and commonplace as a girl, a tiresome girl who wants frocks, and things —"

"Old miser!" said Mrs. Shore, addressing a shade like a huge over-blown poppy.

"But yesterday"—Delia brightened—"such a splendid chance came my way, and I wanted to consult you about it. I have been told of a lady who sometimes wants information dug up for her at the British Museum, and who employs a secretary. She wants one now, and I was thinking, Mummie, if you approve, I would offer myself."

"A secretary?" said Mrs. Shore with undisguised distaste, as they turned away from the window and walked on. "My dear, it sounds a little masculine, and—oh, of course I know women do all sorts of extraordinary things nowadays. If it were merely a question of writing little notes or keeping accounts—but the British Museum! we went there with our governess, I remember, my sister and I, long ago, when my father took us to town one spring. It was considered one of the improving sights one ought to see. But, do girls run about there alone without a chaperon?"

"Lots of them," said Delia eagerly. "The Reading Room is full of them, all too busy to wonder whether anybody is looking at them. I should be quite safe among so many, and I should love the work; it is so difficult to feel any interest in Uncle George's uncanny folk, who never lived, nor did any good to anybody!"

"Still, my dear, I should prefer to think of you writing for your uncle in the privacy of your own rooms."

Delia had a tender smile for the sturdy prejudice.

"There is something more I must tell you, Mummie," she said, with compunction for the dismay she was causing. "Miss Bramston—"

"Ah! I felt sure she was a spinster," interrupted Mrs. Shore, with delicate malice. "It is only the unchosen who take to such eccentric ways. But if, as I infer, she is no longer young, I should approve of her more if she did her disagreeable errands herself. She might go daily to the Museum without remark; nobody takes any notice of an old maid."

"She has so many more important things to do," said Delia, feeling that the moment had come to deal her last stroke. "I was going to tell you something you would like about her—how hard she tries to help women, and girls especially. She doesn't despise home duties; she thinks they should come first of all, so she gathers the ignorant and untaught round her and talks to them about cooking and sanitation and laundry work—"

"I suppose you mean she goes about the country lecturing—under the direction of the County Council, no doubt?"—the little lady's chin was uplifted.

"She thought it right to earn the proper certificates," said Delia, meekly championing her future employer; "but surely, Mummie, you approve of her knowing something of

what she is talking about rather than just to say anything that comes into her head?"

"I think it seems for a woman to hold her tongue in public, after the biblical injunction. My dear, does all this mean that you are going to turn platform speaker too?"

"Oh, no," said the girl, with a relieved laugh, "my part would be much more simple. There will be work for a week or two at the Museum, I think, copying and making notes for a book Miss Bramston has in hand, and then, if she finds me satisfactory, she might wish me to go as her companion to the little towns and villages where she has arranged to give summer courses."

"Have you discussed this with Arthur?"

"No, not yet! You see, I thought you would understand, and if I had you on my side—"

"I think, before consenting, I ought to speak to your uncle. I daresay, if the necessity were explained to him, he would make you a proper allowance. Isn't his book nearly ready yet? He ought to get a large sum for a work that costs so much research"; she spoke with the ignorance of the unwriting and unpublishing world.

"I'm afraid he's still no further than the Aryans," said Delia, with a rather forlorn smile, "and their superstitions about the pigmy folk that preceded them. If he could get to Michael Scott or Cagliostro, there would be some hope, but it's such a big, big subject, and every day he thinks of a new point from which to treat it, or some new order of queer people to include in it. I'm afraid it would not do to talk to him; he might think I was discontented, and that would disturb him."

"As if that would be such a crime!" Mrs. Shore said to herself; but she pressed her lips tightly together and withheld the words.

"But if I could work for myself—and I think I could do this work—it would bring the happiest days nearer."

"So this lady has made you an offer?" Mrs. Shore's face fell.

"I shall not accept it if you say no, Mummie," said Delia gently.

Mrs. Shore pressed her hand. "We'll think over it," she said. "I'm an old-fashioned woman, you know, my dear, and these new ideas confuse me. We'll decide nothing rashly. Here is my shop. If you must go home, dear child, I will take a cab when I have done my business, so you may be quite easy about me. Come to tea to-morrow; perhaps by then we may know what it is best to do."

But, ponder as she might, she could not think of any satisfactory way by which Delia could be provided with a trousseau short of earning it herself. For of course it was for the wedding clothes the child desired to work. Oh, it was pitiful, and a shame too! That miserable, miserly old man! Yet she quailed before the thought of remonstrating with him. He was scarcely human, a dried-up bookworm. He would never understand! That tender, half-amused, yet indulgent, regard your true man has for a

woman's little weaknesses, her legitimate longing to adorn herself so that she may attract and please, was a feeling wholly unknown to him. He had had a mother, of course, but woman, save in her historical aspect as sorceress or magic-worker or "freak," had no existence for him.

"Of course Arthur could give her everything afterwards," she said to herself, deriving little comfort from the reflection. Her own sensitive pride was in throbbing accord with Delia's—an Enid in her faded suit shrinking from facing the scorn of her little world.

"The Prince

Hath picked a ragged robin from the hedge,
And like a madman brought her to the Court."

Even if this analogy did not occur to her—and not being a person of much literary culture it naturally did not—she was sufficiently in sympathy with Enid's mother to agree—

"Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old."

"And I should never dare to offer her an outfit," Mrs. Shore decided with a sigh, "not even handkerchiefs and stockings! It would hurt both of us too much."

Strange as it may seem in an age that has decreed the death of convention, she had an almost greater repugnance to countenancing Delia's plans than she had to bearding the old scholar in his den, and frightening or forcing a trousseau out of him. But the world even yet is not wholly composed of the young person, and many middle-aged ladies are in entire antagonism to the spirit of the epoch, and view modern progress with the stoutest and most unshakable prejudice.

She sighed as she alighted at her own door, and forgot to give the cabman a little gentle advice about not spending the extra shilling she bestowed on him in beer.

"I feel rather tired; I think I will lunch before going upstairs, Jane," she said, letting the maid help her to take off her lace mantle. On the dining-room mantelpiece, propped up against the marble clock, were two letters. She read them while she ate her mutton cutlet. One was from her sister Bessie.

"I am writing you a few lines in haste (it ran—Bessie always wrote as if pressed for time), to say that I hope Arthur will not be dreadfully disappointed if I do not accompany him to the farm after all. Thomas is convinced, for one thing, that the poor dear beasties (much as I love them) would certainly disturb the night's rest which is so important to me, and Arthur's vigour and activity would be depressing to one so weak as I am. Besides, dear Lady Morgan has just been here, and she has been convincing me that one ought to sacrifice one's inclinations for the sake of others. She says Father Ambrose put it so convincingly in his Lenten lectures to ladies. She advises me rather to go to the Hopeton Granges—it *does* seem almost a pity to waste my delicious new tea-gowns on a farm!

Of course the Granges keep open house, and I am scarcely equal to the whirl of society, but, as dear Lady Morgan very rightly says, think of one's opportunities! She declares I am just the very person to canvass for votes, since nobody *can* refuse anything to an invalid! She has two Idiots and four United Beneficents to exchange for Orphan Imbeciles. Doesn't it sound frightfully interesting? I think I must really order a new tea-jacket from Seraphine,

look in on Wednesday. I want your Cole to give Marie her recipe for coloured starch.

"Your affectionate sister,

"BESSIE SIMPSON."

Mrs. Shore did not allow Bessie's communication to destroy her appetite for the cutlet. Bessie's ways had long ceased to astonish her, but she put down her knife and fork when she read the second note.



A TESTIMONIAL.

though I didn't mean to allow myself another stitch this summer; but dress has so much influence—especially with men, and I feel I must do my very best for dear Matilda Morgan. The Hopeton Granges know quite a number of bankers and people of that sort, quite rolling in riches. What do you think of white silk with just a hint of silver? So simple and suited to the sad, sad subject!

"Tell Arthur he must positively not drink too much cream and grow fat, or I'll disown him. We are going off on Thursday. Thomas wanted to fix Tuesday to be present at some ridiculous cricket match; but I really must have time to scrape some clothes together. You might

"Madam" (she read the illegible scrawl with difficulty)—

"Miss Delia Musgrove, having replied to my advertisement for a secretary, refers me to you. Will you be good enough to state whether you consider her practical, trustworthy, scrupulously accurate, diligent? Can she spell (a very important point), write clearly and correctly? Can she translate French and German at sight? Any observations upon personal character, antecedents, habits, etc. will be welcome, and will be considered confidential by

"Yours faithfully,

"DOROTHEA BRAMSTON."

"Her character, indeed! as if she were a little housemaid seeking a place! Can she spell?—is she to be trusted? Oh, my poor Delia, I can never permit this. I shall not answer the creature's letter at all! Arthur would be seriously displeased, poor boy, and rightly too. No, no, we must think of some other way."

Yet no other satisfactory way presented itself in the night watches which the harassed woman kept, and next afternoon when Delia came tripping in for tea the reply somehow got itself written, and was tucked into Delia's pocket, ready to be popped into the first pillar-box met with on her way home.

"But at least I've let her see you are a lady!" said Mrs. Shore with a forlorn satisfaction, and that illogical reasoning not yet knocked out of the older-fashioned woman, that somehow the path of labour ought to be made smoother to her on that account.

CHAPTER III.

THE short spin through the crisp bright air, when the ring of outer London was left behind, cheered and exhilarated Arthur, and it surprised him to find in what a little space of time, after all, the real country can be reached. The beech woods in the first glory of their shimmering green showed long aisles where as yet the sun could filter through to reach the tight-curved fern fronds, and all that world of hidden life that creeps unheard and unseen through its little day; then came spaces of waste land, heathy patches whose bloom was yet far off, but where the rabbits scuttled, making betraying flashes of white with their foolish upturned tails, and here and there a field given over to nature which covers man's wounds with a tapestry of her own. And mostly, in her royal way, she makes it of gold: mustard seed, dandelion, marigold, buttercup, and daisy with the yellow heart; brightness for the sun to make brighter.

Cannes had never a bluer sky nor a softer air to meet the traveller as he got out at his destination, and immediately found himself an object of native interest, being, indeed, the only stranger who had alighted that morning.

"I've some luggage in the forward van," he said, addressing the porter. "A portmanteau, and hat-box, and case of books. I suppose"—he looked round him doubtfully upon the desolate platform—"I can hire a trap? I want to go to King's Farm."

"King's Farm, sir?" The man slowly wakened up. "The young miss as belongs to the farm is here herself, sir. She come to meet you."

"A young lady? I think there must be some mistake," said Arthur, thinking of the firm masculine hand that had replied to his application for rooms in a note that was signed John Hardy—"but of course"—he corrected

himself lightly—"there is a Miss Hardy—a sister or daughter?"

The man grinned, that slow bovine grin that discloses a whole mouthful of sound yellow teeth.

"Her name's Lauder," he said.

Arthur gave a little quick toss of his head, relinquishing his guesses.

"All right—come along," he said; "bring the things on your barrow."

He went briskly forward himself, and crossed the booking-office in the mood for any adventure. Outside, upon the gravel sweep where the horses turned, stood a solitary dog-cart, a by no means smart turn-out, but roomy and comfortable, a good match for the sturdy brown cob with a white blaze that drew it.

Upon the driver's seat a very girlish figure was perched. Arthur looked at her before she turned, and noticed how slim her shoulders were under the pink cotton blouse; her hair, too, done up in a fluffy rather exaggerated bun, was of the bright yellow that fades so quickly with the passing years.

She looked round at the first sound of his footfall on the gravel, and he saw that her face was quite as pretty as her hair, with its fresh reds and whites, its kittenish liveliness, its pouts and smiles and sudden dignity. A dozen expressions seemed to flit across it as cloudlets over the summer blue, even while he was lifting his hat, answering her greeting. She gave him a queer little nod, half shy, half friendly.

"You're Mr. Shore, aren't you? I guessed you were. I've come to fetch you."

"You are very kind," he said, a little mystified, and wondering who she was. "I'm afraid I have put you to trouble on my account. Mr. Hardy said he would secure a trap for me."

"Oh, John!" She gave a little jerk of her wilful chin that tilted back her sailor hat and discovered her fluffy fringe, and then she put up her hand with a laugh to secure it. "He thinks that nobody can do anything without him. Here he comes; but if you're going to wait for him you needn't expect to get home in a hurry. It's market day, and he can't set out a minute before six."

A tall, dark young man, with a rather brown, sombre eye, and a full brown beard, came hurriedly up to them. His walk was the walk of a man of the fields, but he bore himself as if he had played village cricket and football to some purpose, and his chest and shoulders were made to face storms. Arthur, who was a fair height, looked and felt small beside him.

"I'm sorry I'm late, sir," he said civilly, "but it isn't often the train is so punctual."

"You're not late, John, since I'm here," said the girl in the dog-cart with a brilliant smile.

"You oughtn't to have come, Maggie," he said, looking at her for the first time, with a sort of steady patience.

"Mr. Shore can choose which of us he'll go with," she retorted with a pout. "I've done my shopping and I'm going home now—if he likes better to wait at the 'Black Bull' for you —"

"Since the young lady is so kind as to offer me a seat," said Arthur, feeling that choice was impossible, "and if I am not taking her out of the way—"

She opened her blue eyes wide.

"I told you I was going home."

"This is Miss Lauder," said the man called John. "She's the mistress of King's Farm."

"The queen of it, John," she murmured with a mischievous glance.

"And I work it for her, as her manager," he continued with dogged effort.

He lifted the luggage which the porter now brought, as if the exertion were a relief to his feelings, and stowed it carefully in the back part of the vehicle, making sure it was steady. Then he went round and examined horse and harness with the same leisurely care.

"It's all right, John," said the girl petulantly. "It isn't the first time I've harnessed Bob."

John said nothing till he had tightened a buckle and readjusted a strap, and looked at the pony's shoes.

"Be careful going down Short's Hill," he said.

She flicked her whip playfully as she turned the cob.

"You are too late after all, you see!" she cried gaily.

The manager's speech had betrayed him to Arthur's quick ear as a Scotchman.

"Mr. Hardy hails from North of the Tweed," he said by way of saying something, as the pony broke into a sober trot. "I used to fancy," he went on flippantly, "that all Scotchmen had red hair and freckles."

"What made you think that?" she asked quickly.

"Oh, a mere lazy habit of mind. Of course I've known Scotchmen of all shades and complexions, but one takes one's impressions from *Punch*."

"Punch and Judy?" she asked with a kind of puzzled disdain.

"*Punch and Judy*," he answered, amused, "and other frivolous comic prints."

She looked straight between the pony's ears.

"John says I'm Scotch, too," she said presently in a tone that showed him she resented the manager's opinion; "but how can you be Scotch if you were born in England? And my mother was English, and I'm her image, they say."

"I'm glad we can claim her, we of the South, since she was beautiful."

He saw that she failed to catch the implied compliment, and had the grace to be a little ashamed of himself. He did not wait for her to question him, but made haste to talk of something else—the road and the distance to the farm. The station stood alone at the top

of a dusty slope, as if the little town were meant someday to crawl up and overtake it. But it was a sleepy, unenergetic little town on any other day of the week but this, when the wailing bleat of sheep, and the impatient lowing of cattle, filled the air. At a corner a group of low-browed, red-tiled houses made a foreground for the stately tower of the church, and down an alley was framed a reach of green canal with a barge afloat upon its sleepy surface. It might have been a bit of Holland in a greener setting, for there were fine elms behind the church, and he wondered how it struck his little companion, or if she had ever noticed it at all.

She held the reins with an unpractised hand, and if Bob had not undoubtedly been a very long-suffering and steady beast he might well have resented her behaviour. She grew more careless—it was impossible to think of her as nervous—as they rattled over the stones, past the market-place, and down the main thoroughfare, for she was too busy dispensing nods and smiles and gay glances to attend to her proper business; but he decided that Bob had probably more sense than his mistress, and might be trusted to use it.

"That's the 'Black Bull,'" she said, pointing a little hand in a rather soiled dogskin to an archway that led to the yard of an old-fashioned inn, where ostlers were busy yoking and un-yoking, with hisses and admonitions.

"That's where John puts up, if you want to wait for him."

"I think as my neck is still unbroken I may risk the rest of the journey under your care," he said lightly. "Bob is no doubt open to the temptation common to all horses, but he doesn't look malicious."

"Why, what do you think he would do?" she asked, turning a charmingly serious face upon him.

"There is Short's Hill, which seems to be a place of evil omen still to come. If he were unkindly disposed he might choose to deposit us upon the steepest and stoniest portion and go home without us."

"You are as bad as John!" she said, with a mutinous mouth. "He is always going on about my driving Bob. If he weren't a cousin he wouldn't dare to be lecturing and interfering."

"So Mr. Hardy is a cousin? That quite explains his anxiety. Cousins, especially when they are young, are always very much interested in each other."

"I'm sure I'm not a bit interested in him!" she said with a vehemence that was perhaps a little overdone.

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much," Arthur smiled to himself. He was quite prepared to be an amused spectator of a rural romance: the elements seemed all ready to hand—the pretty girl—she was certainly very pretty—and the masterful, grumpy cousin. The old, old story, which is yet ever the new.

"What would you do if we were upset?"

she asked, tilting her hat over her brow and looking at him demurely from under the brim.

"Pick you up, if there was any of me left to do it with, and carry you to the nearest Samaritan."

"I'm seven stone, more or less."

"I believe I should find myself equal to that serious burden."

"There isn't a house within a mile of Short's Hill," she went on, with the gleefulness of a child who imagines she is puzzling an elder.

"Then we should have to wait till the Samaritan came to us, unless I could capture Bob and make him take me to the farm for a'J."

"You wouldn't find anybody but Granny there. The men are all busy with the hay and the cress meads."

"Then I'd have to induce Bob to take me the other way, and fetch Mr. John. It's a situation where a cousin always comes in useful. Most of the accidents in fiction take place to give the young cousin his opportunity."

"If you mean that I would break my neck to give John a chance of saying 'I told you so,' I wouldn't, then!"

"I believe they sometimes say something else," he murmured.

"And I think it's very tiresome to be always useful."

"That is very consoling to a person who has never been useful."

"You've been ill, haven't you?" She glanced at him with a sort of pitiful compassion—the woman in her looking through the eyes of the child. "It must be horrid to be ill."

"The usefulness of illness isn't generally so apparent to the patient as it is to his doctor," he answered with a laugh; "but I don't believe anybody could have the conscience to be ill at King's Farm, if it is anything like the way that leads to it."

They had descended Short's Hill in safety, and were now trotting soberly over a road that wound between over-arching trees: it was little more than a lane, and as stony as if it had strayed over the border of Bucks by mistake; there were deep ruts that marked the wheels of winter traffic, and sudden dips and ascents that sent the dog-cart swaying like a boat at sea, but the fragrance from the coppices scented the air, and the sun twinkled like a million diamonds between the interlacing boughs.

"It's better," she said brightly, "ever so much better! Don't you love the sky"—she glanced up above her head—"when it's blue, and the sun pours down on you till you think you can't be any hotter without melting away? The trees shut it out here—they're quite thick in summer. I would cut them down, but they won't let me."

"They are wanted as cover for the game, I daresay."

"Oh, the game! I hate it! I suppose, as you're a man, you will want, when the season begins, to shoot things—but if you bring home the birds and rabbits you kill, and make me look at them, I'll never forgive you."

"I wouldn't run such a risk for the world!"

"I can't bear to see dead things, or sickness or suffering," she said with a vehemence of emotion of which he had not thought her capable. Her rosebud of a mouth hardened into straight lines: she looked at him half defiantly, poor little pagan soul, with her passionate hold on life and warmth and brightness, her imperfect sympathies slumbering till the hour should strike which should make suffering her own.

"So this is your domain," he said, to turn her thoughts. "It's a fine kingdom to be queen of."

"And king too!" she said, with a smiling audacity that defined John Hardy's limits. Arthur wished the manager had been there to hear, and wondered what he would have said. Probably nothing! He looked a man of reserves and silences, the sort of which rulers are made.

He promised himself amusement in watching the struggle between mistress and master for ascendancy.

Meanwhile, with the simple certainty of an indulged child that she must needs be interesting, she was chatting freely of her home, her friends, her life. She jerked Bob up at the top of a hill that her guest might look down the rough cart road that here dipped abruptly to the house, set among meadows in a sheltered hollow. In its prosperous days it had been a manor, the gift of Queen Bess to a favourite physician; a mere fragment of it now remained, but the walls and the twisted chimneys bore witness to the conscience with which mortar and brick were once welded together.

Arthur's eye took in the sweep of the great barn—it was its boast to call itself the biggest in England—and they showed you the bullet-marks where Cromwell's Ironsides battered it in vain. In its hale and peaceful age and mellowed warmth, it was the sunny haunt of innumerable snow-white pigeons, preening, coquetting, strutting up and down the grassy dimples and hollows, in that endless courtship which fills up their little day.

"Come and see Granny," said the girl, when they reached the stable door, at which Bob stopped according to evident custom. She flung the reins to a lad who was coming from the pump with a pail of water. She jumped down lightly without any help, and stood for a minute to rub Bob's white nose. The pony nosed about her, sniffing for a reward.

"I haven't any sugar, greedy thing!" she said. "Put your old nose into the pail and take a good drink. That's a great deal better for you."

"What a stern disciplinarian!" said Arthur. "Oh, I'll take him a carrot by-and-by, and then I'll show you the stables."

Her face was radiant with the pride of possession. "You must come and see Granny first"—she hesitated a minute, looking beyond him, then she said abruptly, her brightness clouding over a little, "I suppose John didn't tell you—Granny is blind."

FIRE ISLANDS.

BY DR. LOUIS SAMBON.

II.



THE POSSA, ACTIVE CRATER OF VULCANO.

EOLIA.

AS the dawn arose in the sky, first grey, then green, then red, our steamer left Stromboli. We passed Basiluzzo, with its lava cliffs of a rude prismatic structure, and landed on Lisca Nera. Lisca Nera is a very small islet walled round with enormous brown boulders of trachydolerite. We ran all over it, but found nothing worth mentioning; a horrible stench of sulphuretted hydrogen filled the air. From Lisca Nera we went to Lisca Bianca, where we also landed.

Lisca Bianca, so called from the colour of its soil, owes its whiteness, like the *Colli Leucogei* of Pozzuoli, to the action of sulphurous vapours. A great part of the island was covered by two curious plants, the *Inula crithmoides* and the *Reaumuria vermiculata*. The former a composite with bright yellow flowers and fleshy leaves very much like those of the *Crithmum maritimum*, the latter also a succulent plant all covered by glandular pores. Amongst these gambolled hundreds of geckos (*Phyllodactylus europæus* ?), small lizards of a dark grey colour called *Tarantole* in Southern Italy.

Few animals have given rise to a greater amount of legend. "The gecko will enter the

nostrils of an ass and choke him. He swallows his own skin after moulting to deprive man of a most powerful remedy against epilepsy; his jaws are as red as a burning furnace, his teeth can pierce steel. If you touch him your finger will blister and fester; his bite produces instant death." We hunted them, but their movements were so quick that it was difficult to catch them as they darted from plant to plant, ran in and out among the stones or disappeared within their burrows. When we thought we had caught one, it was only its tail, still writhing and wriggling, which the prudent little beast had left behind it, fully appreciating the old proverb that half a loaf is better than no bread at all. This self-mutilation is undoubtedly a means of defence in the struggle for life, and lizards are not the only animals which resort to it. Crabs and crayfish will always scramble away, leaving behind the claw by which they have been seized, with no more concern than we should throw our hat or our coat at a mad dog. The tails of lizards grow again within less than a month. Geckos in Southern Italy are nocturnal in their habits, but these, like most African species, frolicked in the blazing sunshine.

We went to a grotto that we had seen from Lisca Nera. One could only reach it by leaping

from a neighbouring rock to a triangular ledge that projected across its entrance and fell perpendicularly to the sea. This lava grotto was about three feet high at the mouth, but it widened in the interior and was beautifully incrustated with alum and gypsum.

The sea was of that intense blue that painters dare not put on canvas; but near the shore it assumed a pale emerald colour, and was so clear that we could see to a great depth the huge white rocks all curtained and draped with purple and olive sea-weeds.

In one place these white boulders looked like the ruins of a great marble staircase adorned with colossal statues. The Lipariotes believe them to be the ruins of King Aiolo's palace, which, as Virgil says, echoed all day with mirth and music. We looked down into the clear, calm water, and saw big fish swimming solemnly over the broken steps.

The two *Lische*, *Panaria*, *Basilusso*, *Dattilo*, the *Guglie*, *Bottaro*, and the *Formicoli* are the débris of one large island, probably the largest and oldest of the group. Now it is a great submerged solfatara, a drowning volcano, the last breath of which is a gush of carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen that bubbles up to the surface of the sea near *Bottaro*, and is called *Caldaie*.

On leaving *Lisca Bianca*, we passed a long series of black rocks which seemed to be rocking on the waves—they are called "Formicoli," from their supposed likeness to a long line of ants toiling to and fro after food. In calm weather a great many more appear above the water. On these reefs were perched a number of sea birds. Bartolommeo called them "Corvacci," and probably they were *Thalassidroma pelagica*. They flew away shrieking at our approach, and swept past the bows in a long black line almost grazing the water. Then they hopped and skipped from wave to wave, and we followed them with our eyes as they disappeared in the hollow between the waves, and appeared again, now white, now black, over the crest. The whole flock, flitting away, looked like a serpent writhing on the waves, and we wondered how often the famous sea-serpent had been nothing more than a flight of gulls!

We landed at *Panaria*. On the shore were scattered large sheets of coarse linen and tattered clothes of various kinds and colours. They were drying on the sand, with big flat stones on them to prevent their being carried off to sea. Farther away, some children were paddling about almost naked. Two little girls interrupted their sports and came to offer us some obsidian flakes that they carried in their tucked-up frocks.

We went to a little white cottage shaded with large fig-trees, and asked to be allowed to have breakfast there. The occupier was a good-looking, neat young fellow, who spoke English very fluently, and was particularly polite to us. He told us he had been to America to seek his fortune, and, like many others, had come back the poorer. The house consisted of three rooms

and an outer staircase, which led to a large terrace on the roof, where a quantity of figs were drying in the sunshine. We took our breakfast in the bedroom. The great iron bed was pushed into a corner, and a table and benches were brought up from the kitchen. The room was clean and tidy. On the wall above the bed was a faded image of the Virgin, a little crucifix, and a wax candle; opposite were two flaming pictures of King Humbert and Margherita, with gilt paper round them. On the floor by the window were heaped enormous gourds of the most brilliant geranium.

We were served with some fresh eggs, large cups of coffee, and the hard bread of the islands, which is baked for days in a slow oven. The country folk soak it in water or wine. We were obliged to break it with our geological hammers.

After breakfast, we went to examine the typical liparite which projected in great masses at the back of the pleasant little house. We all agreed that the name was better suited to the bread-rock of the Lipari Islands than to that variety of trachite.

Panaria is composed of a large mass of crystalline rocks, which, having broken through the ground in a very pasty condition, did not stream away, but accumulated round the vent, forming an enormous mound like *Monte S. Croce* at *Roccamonfina*, the central trachitic hump of *Astroni* near Naples, or the domes of Auvergne.

These rocks, which resemble greatly those of *Roccamonfina* in petrological and chemical characters, are composed of various kinds of felspars, with hornblende, mica, and a few isolated quartz crystals. On account of their extremely crystalline character they were wrongly supposed to be granite.

I asked some of the children who had come out to stare at us where they got their obsidian flakes, and a dear little boy took me by the hand and led me up solemnly to a huge ploughed field, where I found scores of them. I found no properly shaped implements, but there could be no doubt that they were the result of human workmanship. So much the more so, since in *Panaria* there is no obsidian, and all that was there must have been imported, probably from *Lipari*. I am therefore inclined to believe that it must have been dropped there from a primitive sort of harrow, made of a wooden board with series of rude obsidian flakes implanted into it like teeth. A similar instrument is used at the present day in several regions.

We returned early to the shore, which is composed of large stones rounded by the waves, "the memories of Hercules' conflicts," as Pliny calls them.

Some boats had been pulled ashore, and were full of lobster-baskets and nets. In one of them was a nest made of great coils of rope, out of which three smiling little heads were peeping and cooing. Close by an old woman was washing clothes, while two pretty girls, with naked feet and legs, laughing and giggling, were twisting and wringing a large wet sheet.

VULCANO.



BEGINNING OF AN ERUPTION.

On September 21 we set off to ascend Vulcano, which had been in eruption since August 3, 1888. We landed in the *Porto di Levante*. A boat, smashed to splinters by the missiles of the eruption, lay on the shore, looking like the skeleton of a stranded porpoise.

We visited the alum grottoes in the *Rocca d'allume* or *Faraglione*, a great mass of trachitic rocks decomposed by the action of sulphurous acid. It is probably the last remnant of an old sand cone which has been wasted away. On the side facing Vulcano its base is all pierced with burrows where lived, like beasts, the poor families employed for the extraction of sulphur, boracic acid, and other products which the "Fossa" yielded before the eruption. In one of these miserable burrows I found a terra-cotta whistle in the shape of a bird. It was a sweet token of motherly love.

Then we directed our steps towards the great eruptive cone. We passed Mr. Narlian's house, the roof of which was broken in by a huge boulder that had crashed its way right through the building. A little farther on were the ruins of the *Fabrica*, large workshops, where the products of the "Fossa" used to be roughly assorted, separated, and packed.

Between these rambling buildings and the foot of the cone had extended a beautiful vineyard of more than twenty thousand vines, the emerald-green of its luxuriant foliage almost flashing amongst the dark

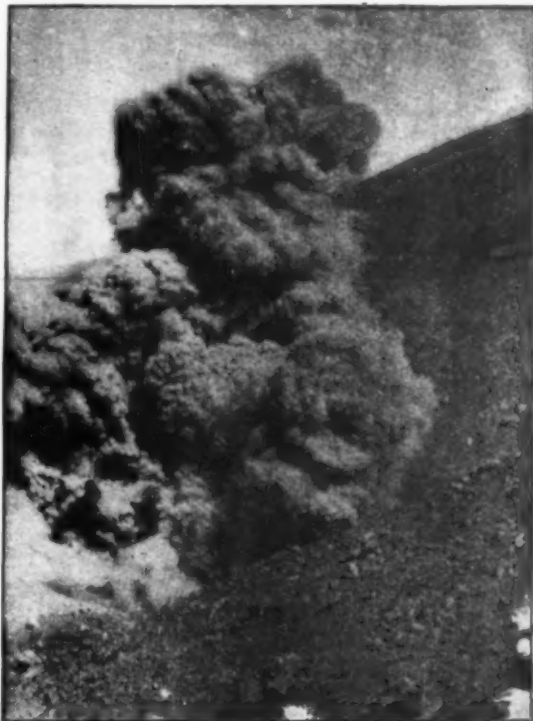
olive colour of the surrounding broom-jungle.

When the women worked in the vineyard, Mrs. Narlian, under the shade of a large straw hat, used to come out and talk with them. Impatient little hearts and long sorrowful ones opened to her like primroses and passion-flowers to the sunshine. She was the *Bona Dea* of those islands, and dirty little children used to watch for her through their large round eyes, and run with great alacrity to meet her.

Now those vines are burnt and buried in the grey sand which covers the island like a vast funereal pall.

As we approached the foot of the cone, we were struck by the boulders of huge size which strewed the ground in great quantity. One of them, about five feet high, was still burning hot; it had fallen that very morning at a distance of about one mile from the crater.

These enormous lava-balls were formed by a mass of pumice covered over by a thin crust of obsidian, all fissured and broken and shrivelled into separate shields, not unlike the bark of a pine trunk. Dr. Lavis has called these missiles "bread-crust bombs," and the name is appropriate, because they have certainly the appearance of bread-rolls, though their size might suggest that they had been especially baked for the people of Brobdingnag.



FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF THE SAME EXPLOSION.

This is how they are made: the dough, that is to say, the lava in the upper part of the volcanic chimney, is in a state of intense viscosity, and rises and bulges with the vapour that accumulates beneath it, until the steam has gained sufficient tension to burst and hurl the lava high up into the air, shattered into a cloud of dust and fragments. Each fragment, while ascending, expands, because it contains within its mass a quantity of water at an excessively high temperature, which turns into vapour as soon as it is relieved from surrounding pressure. Meanwhile the mass cools; the external surface, from which the rising and expanding bubbles easily burst open, forms a more compact glassy layer, whilst the interior, from which the bubbles cannot escape, remains all full of cavities, like the crumb of a loaf. The outer shell or crust cools and hardens almost immediately, and is therefore always burst by the spongy mass

masses of quartz and felspar, which formed lovely milky-white patches in the black vitreous mass.

Some of the bombs had imbedded themselves in the sand at the spot where they had fallen, but many of them had been shattered into fragments. Others, fallen on the sides of the cone, had bounced and dashed into the plain below, leaving long tracks of elliptical holes.

These missiles, scattered all round like huge fruit fallen from the great vapoury pine which towered ever and anon over the crater, made us cautious, and we clambered up the west-north-west slope in open order and not without a certain feeling of anxiety; more so because the monster had not toughed for many hours, and we knew full well that the first outburst after a long period of calm was always a mighty one.

The ascent was very tiring, the cone being built up entirely of loose sand in which we



A BREAD-CRUST BOMB.

which continues to expand in the interior, and emerges often in large quantities through the rents. The broken crust contracts and curls up at the edges, exposing the bubbling pumice, pulled out in long glass filaments. The thickness of the crust varies greatly, and has no connection with the size of the boulders. Some have a very thick, compact, glassy crust, which passes gradually into the pumice of the interior. These have always large, deep fissures through which the pumice has bulged out extensively; others have a much thinner crust, which is fissured all over into small shields, and gives them the appearance of large bolitas of the Pampas rolled up in balls.

We broke a large quantity of bombs to examine their structure, and found they contained numerous fragments of previous ejections which had fallen back into the crater and mixed with the molten lava. In some we found large

often slipped back. It ended with a most precipitous sheet of sand hardened into tufa of a deep ochre colour.

The old path which wound up the cone had been effaced, and the obsidian lava which covered part of the north-north-west side was entirely buried beneath the sand of the present eruption.

The crater now active of Vulcano—the "Fossa," as it is called—is a basin five hundred yards across, which opens within two older and larger concentric craters broken down on the north side. The lip of the outer, wider, and more ancient crater is only 950 feet high on the north side; but on the south side it is overlapped by the southern segments of the other two craters, and rises to 1,250 feet.

The "Fossa," before the eruption of 1888, was over 400 feet deep. Its precipitous sides looked as if they had been ploughed by the rain torrents, and were sprinkled with gorgeous

sublimations and festooned with wreaths of white steam which issued from numerous fissures. On the flat floor at the bottom of the "Fossa" were a bridge over a deep rent, two old condensers, and several work-sheds with tiled roofs. All these things were blasted out of the crater in 1888.

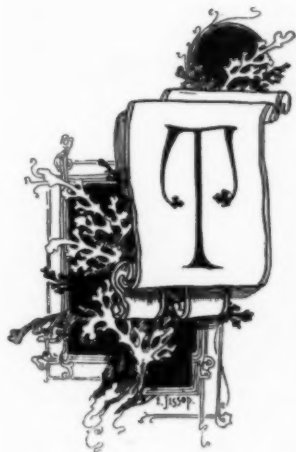
We found the "Fossa" almost filled up. It was an oblong basin 180 yards long at its broadest part and only 90 feet deep. The bottom of it was a heap of lapilli and sand with a few depressions here and there, just like the sand-palaces that children build on the sea-shore. We were disappointed. We had expected to find a deep caldron full of boiling lava rising and falling, flashing and darkening, hissing and roaring, but that crater only looked like the pit of a gigantic ant-lion. Yet it was the "Fossa," and we knew full well that it might pop up at any time, like a Jack-in-the-box, and show a very ugly face. I must confess, and my companions will surely admit it to themselves, that we were very uneasy; but when Sollas poured wine at the edge of the crater and said, "Here is to the grim old Smith," and Thomas added, "And here is to his light-hearted consort," we picked up courage, and we sat ourselves down and stamped our feet and yelled and howled for the show to begin.

The crater was full of sunshine, and multitudinous facets sparkled in its sides. It looked the very picture of calm, but the air danced reels over it, as it does over a lime-kiln, and that showed treachery. While we were looking, a great yellow butterfly went fluttering gently towards the middle of the crater.

Suddenly, at 1.12 P.M., from the bottom of the crater all that heap of sand was thrown up in slanting black jets which, rising to a height of three or four hundred feet, opened into clouds of thick dark smoke and formed one great column looking like a huge black cauliflower. At first the clouds rose up so dense that they seemed masses of grey calcedonia, but in the twinkling of an eye they expanded into large bales of cotton, then into smoke, then they broke and drifted and vanished. The clouds followed in quick succession from below, and the huge column widened more and more, rising to an enormous height. Large fragments of lava fell back into the crater, rattling amongst each other, and the sand poured down from above like wide gauze curtains in a transformation scene. The clouds shot out of the crater, took fantastic shapes of animals, and men, and demons, and the procession of ghostly cumuli streamed up into the sky with a deafening, thundering roar.

A PRIMITIVE POT.

BY CHARLES LEE.



THE following letters, for the authenticity of which I should be glad to vouch, if I could, have strayed into my hands and have been judged worthy of publication. An anonymous note appended to them informs me that they did not come through the post, but were delivered by hand. Every Thursday

(which is market day) for the space of seven weeks, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a burly young fisherman (presumably the "Jan" of the letters) rolled into the advertisement office of the "St. Kenna Mercury," silently extracted a crumpled epistle from the folds of his guernsey, fixed one of the clerks with a glittering eye, thumped the letter on the desk before him, and rolled out of the office again without a word. Envelopes as well as enclosures are in my possession. They are addressed "To the editar st Kenna mercury esquire next the post

office st Kenna high street Cornwall england." By this superfluous exactitude, as some may consider it, one judges the writer to have been endowed with a large imagination to foresee, and a fine circumspection to avert, all possible risks of loss or misappropriation. A faint odour of herrings still clings to the envelopes. The letters are written in a fair round hand, and the only obscurities calling for editorial solution are caused by the blots and smudges, which are profuse and impenetrable, averaging three to the page. These being disposed of, there remained the delicate questions of spelling and punctuation. In these, as well as in the distribution of capital letters, the writer has not conformed to the generally received standard; and at first, with the editorial fever burning hot within me, I proposed to remedy this, to substitute the current orthography, to break up the breathless periods with commas and semicolons into more manageable lengths, and to degrade such words as did not seem worthy of capital honours, while at the same time promoting others from their undeserved obscurity. But careful study of the documents has led me, not only to abandon this project and to print them exactly as they were written, but also to enter a plea for a wider liberty of spelling.

Unprejudiced students of our literature must admit that since the adoption of a uniform system of orthography the printed page has lost much of its former picturesqueness and variety, while, on the other hand, it has gained little, if anything, in legibility. Moreover, Literature is an Art, the artist's materials are words, and the more plastic his materials the wider the scope for effect. As it is, with all the liberties at present permitted, of twisted syntax and artful inversions, how difficult it is for the most skilful writer to express all the subtle shades of meaning he would convey! Words are stubborn things, we say; they were not so until the maker of dictionaries cast them in his iron mould. Take a letter written by one of the persons we are pleased to call illiterate, and note with what admirable fitness the spelling varies with the mood of the writer, how vividly it illumines the drab commonplace of trite phrases, how easily and sufficiently it ennobles or degrades a word at pleasure by the mere addition or subtraction of a single letter. Again, every educated person is supposed to be able to spell off-hand every word in the English language. Yet a writer of acknowledged genius and learning once confessed to a friend, that of the two common words "civilize" and "criticise" he could never remember which possessed the "s" and which the "z." The thing mattered not a jot, yet custom and false pride compelled him to waste his time and spoil his temper over continual references to the dictionary.

As to stops, our elaborate system of punctuation, with its commas, colons, semicolons, dashes, and parentheses, may have its uses in works of science, philosophy, and the like, where one is dealing with close and involved argument; but I would humbly submit that for purposes of brisk narrative it is quite unnecessary. It clogs the flow of the recital, and is apt to tempt the inexperienced writer into a maze of intricate clauses and sub-clauses, where he may easily lose himself till the story has passed out of sight.

Lastly (I am only dealing with brief suggestions), lastly as to the use of capital letters. I would ask the reader to glance down the following pages and compare their lively and picturesque appearance with the dull and formal monotony of this introduction. Let him mark, too, that the capitals are not scattered haphazard, but invariably serve a definite, artistic purpose. They are never used except for emphasis, and for singling out the important words of the sentence. Our absurd usage confines the use of capitals chiefly to the first word; and that, in nine cases out of ten, is an unimportant article or preposition. For emphasis we must have recourse to the clumsy, disfiguring device of italics. And finally, why should we, alone among nations, proclaim ourselves arrant egotists by investing the first person singular pronoun with a prominence denied to its fellows? Our "illiterate" friend is more logical and more modest.

The matter of the following letters needs no preface; let it speak for itself forthwith.

I.

Dear mr i write theas few line hoaping to find you wel as it leave me at presant. dear mr i see some Potry on your paper i have rot some Potry shal i send it to your paper wat wil you Pay me to put it on your paper i am only a Servant but servants can rite so wel as Ladys wy not. some peaple do think servants havan got no Feelings they treat us worse than Doggs it is Shamfull dear mr i eddan saying a Word agin mrs she is defrant she very Kind she leave Jan come and Court me in the kitchen evary nite wen he eddan to Sea. Jan take this lettat to you i caint aford a Stamp Jan say eddan Worth it nuther wat for you want to rite Potry he say i dont see no Sence in potry wethout its Hymys he say. dear mr i very fond of Jan but he eddan Clevvar he dont Onderstand this is a soar Tryall to me pleas dear mr tel me how mutch you Pay your Pots pleas tel me do you pay them by the Peace pleas tel me do you pay more for a Long peace some peaces i have rot are Longer than other peaces dear mr i wil now conclude from yours respectfaly

THYRZA THEOPHILA TROUNCE.

II.

Dear mr i am the Pot that rot to you last Week pleas wil you anser Soon dear mr i wood send you a Peace for you to see but Jan say no theas Citty people is al Rogs if you got my peace Jan say you wood put it in the paper and not Pay me pleas dear mr forgive Jan for speking so Rude he dont hold with Citty people wonse a Kenna man cheat Jan over the Fish he dont forgive easy nor yet forget Jan dont. Relligen say we must forgive Jan say thats the Hardest thing about relligen i am primitive some hear is wesley some primitive some church wy caint us al be One Relligen primitive is the best this is my humbal apinean. mrs is kind but she is church she dont hold with primitives riting Potry i say if church pots wy not primitive pots. dear mr i woodan say a Word agin mrs she is very kind she eddan jallus only Proud and dont like to see Ink on my fingars wen i takes up the Dishes ink is Terrabel stuf it get evary ware it spile my Gownds Jan dont like that he is terrabel Paticklar so is mrs. Jan say potry be Fullishness and make you al of a Mess wy rite potry he say. dear mr Jan dont onderstand it make me very Onhapy some times becous Jan dont onderstand wat it is to be a Pot some times the words at the End waint Match this is a sad tryal some times the Line come too long for the paper some times too Short till i dont kno wat to do by them and then Jan come in and i am Vexd and dont trate him Proppar Jan say potry is bad for the Temper wy rite Potry he say. dear mr i have rot a peace about the primitives for your paper pleas are you primitive if not i

will not send it i do not wish to Afend. dear mr i trust to Hear from you soon and no more at present from yours respectfaly

THYRZA THEOPHILA TROUNCE.

III.

Dear mr i hoap you got my Lettars Jan say he give them to the most Raspecktabal man he cood see in your ofice i hoap he give them to you i hoap you will anser wen Conveanant Jan bring you a Bokay of Flowars with this Lettar i hoap you like flowars mrs have a beutyful Gardan the flowars is Hansam she leave me wolk in the gardan and gathar the flowars she is Very kind O i Love the flowars they smel so hansam and look so prity thair is roses and lilys Jillyflowars Jiranums and many other flowars too Numarus to menshon letter paper being so Exspensive. dear mr the woman that keep the shop be a grate Rog she Apress poar people she charge a penny for 3 sheat of paper 3 envalop and 1 dinky Scrapp of Blotten paper wat waint Blott shame apon her i say wats the Use of Blotten paper that waint Blot the Book say so too woe unto the apressars of the Poar it say. dear mr i have rot a Peace about the flowars in mrs Gardan shal I send it to your paper i read it to Jan he say al very wel he say the peace say flowars is prity i kno that he say and then it say wat Prity things flowars be you sayd that Before he say wats the Use of saying it Agin evary one kno flowars is prity he say if you havan got any thing More to tel us wy rite Potry he say. dear mr Jan make Fun of my potry but after that i think he is Prowd to think he have a Pot for swettard he sit and wotch me rite he think i rite Hansam. dear mr i hoap you like my riting i am Orfan but wel brot up it is Sad to be Orfan but i have mutch to be Thankful for dear mr pleas rite Soon and leave me kno about the potry yours respectfaly

THYRZA THEOPHILA TROUNCE.

IV.

Dear mr i hoapt to get a Hanser from you about the Potry but it havan come not yet Jan say he think you keep your Pots in your ofice and pay them reglar Waiges to rite your potry. dear mr mrs is very kind but she only pay me 7 pound i am reddy to Bettar myself wen you want a new Pot i am reddy to come for 10 pound and i wood cook and wash cloase too pleas leave me kno Soon my month is up next Week i cood come Then if agreebal. dear mr thair was a peace in your paper last week about the Moon i have rot anuthar peace about the Moon it say how Lovly the moon shine of a nite wen thair eddan no Clouds Jan say wel wat of that he say if the moon hapt to shine Day time that be worth wile putting in the paper he say but she dont so wy Trubbal about her he say. Jan be good Fisherman but he havan got no Letratur some times we shoold go for a Stroal on the clift of a heavnen i say to Jan

how Lovly the grate Oshan be i say i wood like to step in Jan Boat and sail acrose the Hoshan for evar then Jan say youd be brave and Ill before long he say. alass thair eddan no Potry about Jan nor no Letratur al very wel for Wimen he say but give me Crab Potts wen he say this he stretch out his Arm Jan be considrabal Strong i think he be the Strongest Man in theas parts he is very Stedy mrs say Thyrsa youm a Lucky maid to have sutch a Stedy man and as for Letratur wy 2 Pots in a Famly be 1 too many she say. dear mr pleas think over wat i have sayd about the Potry and no more at present from yours respectfaly

THYRZA THEOPHILA TROUNCE.

V.

Dear mr if you wood send me some Paper like you give your Pots i shoold be mutch Abligd theas dinky lital Sheats eddan Fit to rite potry on pleas send me some big Thick sheats with Lines ruld on them then i cood rite Bettar potry my pen go thru this Thin stuf some times when I get Axsited over my potry and the Nibb get Crost this is a soar Tryall wen the nib get crost you must throw it away nibbs is 4 a penny the woman that keep the shop is a Scandalus Rog. dear mr riting potry is a grate Exspens wat with Nibbs paper ink and Atsetary i hoap you wil put 1 of my peaces in the Paper if you pay me 6d a peace that wood be Safishant. i tel Jan this he say wel if thats al you get then to my mind potry be a Poar trade washing Dishes do pay better and dont Mucky your gownds and fingars so he say. dear mr i hoap you will ascuse mistakes in Speling if any i have a Dictianory father give me wen i was a dinky lital Maid but i was very Ignarant in they days and dedan think of turning Pot so i taired out the Leafs to curl my Hair with and now thair eddan only the End left it begin from V and go to Z theas end lettars eddan mutch Use as-peshaly X and Z potry come easy to me But speling dont if you put my potry in the paper you may Oltar the speling if agrebal but pleas not the Potry. dear mr i will now conclude and remain yours respectfaly

THYRZA THEOPHILA TROUNCE.

VI.

Dear mr i see your paper Reglar evary week mrs give it me to lite fire with i read so mutch as i can of it Alwes read the Story i read the Fishing news to tel Jan thats al he care for dear mr i like your paper very mutch i wundar were you get all the News it is Wundarful. dear mr i alwes cut out the Potry out of the paper before lite fire this eddan Stealing nor doing Rong i askd Preacher is it Rong to cut out the Potry before lite Fire he say no not if you can lite fire as wel Without. dear mr your Pots is Clevar chaps they spel Wundarful dear mr i rot a Story wonse but it come Exspensive for paper i caint aford to write no more storys only Potry. my uncles seckand Wife wonse rot

a Hym she was church she ask parson to alow Choir to sing her hym it was 8 and 6 Metar he say no she was that Vexd she left church and turn wesley i dont aprove of leaving the Relligen youm brot up to she was a Vishus tempar poar woman she is Dead now. Jan say she was the Only pot he come acrost in his life axcepting me and he say he dont think mutch of the Breed dear mr he dont mean nothing he very Fond of me but he love a Joak i am a Serous turn of Mind myself. in the Story i rot the end was Sad the good chap died the bad chap died the maid died too and they beryd her on Topp of her Betroathd Jan say too mutch Semetary about your storys dont rite no more pleas they eddan Helthy Jan dont think Mutch of storys he say theym al Lies he say plenty of True tales going so wy rite Lies. he say too mutch about Swettards in theas storys it make him Sick to hear tell so mutch about Swettards he say kiss and dont tell thats his Maxam. dear mr you havant rot to say if you want my potry if you rite i wil send you a Sampal free. i have rot anuthar Peace it is about Winter it tel how Sad to see the prity Leafs falling off of the Trees it say how Retched you feal to see them fall it make you think of Death. Jan say wat more Semetary he say if Potry make you feal like That wy rite potry he say. Jan alwes be Chearfal he laff a deal he kno a lot of Joaks and Maxams evary body say Jan be good Company tho he havan got no Letratur some have one Gift some anuthar if we was al Alike we woodan get along so Comfatabal. dear mr this is a Long lettarr i will now draw it to a Cloase hoaping you Enjoy good Helth yours respectfaly

THYRZA THEOPHILA TROUNCE.

VII.

Dear mr pleas nevar mind riting to me about the Potry Jans uncle died Suddan last week thru drinking Furnichar Polesh by mistake for Rum he use to drink Terrabal but he had a kind Hart he leav Jan 50 Pound some Massive

pickturs and a stufd Badger in a glass case so Jan mean to go Shares in a drift boat with his Brother he say he wil be out Driving al the week and waint have no time for Coarting so wy not get Marryd to wonse he say but mind he say i eddan going to have no Potry about my lital House nor no Ink on my New furnichar mind that he say Potry al very wel for Maids but teddan fitty for Raspecktabal maryd Wimèn to give way to it he say. dear mr i find it Hard to give up being pot Jan say i must Burn al my potry i have rot this is Cruall hard but stedy young men is Scarce in theas parts plenty of maids redy for Jan if i dont have him and a Poar lot they be too frall thair smart gownds i am Young but not too young to mary i can make Pastys so wel as any Body thair was a man hear that coarted a woman 30 year and Jilted her after that. he askd her to mary him she say wait a Bitt til you get on a bit so he got on a bit then she say wait til you get on a bit More so he got on a bit more and Then she waddn Satisfyd you havan got on Enuf yet she say so he went away and got on some more and then he got on a Deal he got very Ritch then she waddn Good enuf for he and he leave her and mary a Lady this shoud be a Warning to maids not to be Gready but mary first chanst they get if a stedy young man like my Jan. wen i am maryd i wil Endevvar to be Obeadant and not rite potry but it is Hard Jan dont ondarstand how hard it be but i waint complain Jan is very good i am Thankfal to get sutch a good Husband. dear mr i want to thank you for Kindnes in reading my lettars dear mr if you had put 1 of my peaces in the paper i wood a bean Prowd to see my name in your paper i tel Jan this. prowld he say yes he say not to say Stuck Up nevar mind lital maid he say you shal have your name in the paper soon enuf he say how i say wy he say in with the Rest of the Maridges and wat More do a maid want he say. dear mr i wil now conclude for the Last time with my best respects in wich Jan join and no more from yours respectfaly

THYRZA THEOPHILA TROUNCE.

MAJOR ANDRÉ.

AMONG the many monuments in Westminster Abbey which record the greatness of England's sons, there is one which, even in that place so rich in associations of genius, of valour, of patriotic service, holds a unique place. The monument is that erected by King George III to the memory of Major John André, who, as the inscription tells us, "fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and country, when employed in an important but hazardous enterprise," during the British campaign in America, in 1780.

The story of this brave officer's brilliant career,

cut short by his untimely death on the gallows as a spy, is one of the saddest incidents in the American War.

The bitter feeling which then naturally prevailed between England and her revolting colonies, and which ascribed André's death to cruelty and rancour on the part of the great American general, George Washington, has fortunately passed away. Almost all of us now agree that the policy which brought about that war, which was condemned by Burke and other far-seeing statesmen of the time, was at the outset unjust,

and deplorably unwise throughout. Even Lord North, who carried out the King's policy, came before long to see that the odds against us were hopeless, and only the King himself was obstinately determined to yield nothing, till he was compelled.

At this distance of time, then, we can judge dispassionately of the circumstances which led to André's death, and we may be prepared to admit that both Washington and André only did their duty.

A great American writer—Alexander Hamilton—has said in one of his letters of the execution of André: "Never perhaps did any man suffer death with more justice or deserve it less."

On the capture of this one British officer by the enemy, in 1780, hung, we may almost say, the fate of the Revolution. The British arms were not prospering, and the forces under Sir Henry Clinton, the Commander-in-Chief, were in sore need of reinforcement, when one of the leading American generals made proposals to him which promised to end the war almost at a stroke. Benedict Arnold was an able and ambitious man, who had raised himself from a humble position in a small town in Connecticut to a high rank in the American army, and had done great services to the Revolutionary cause. But, though high in the favour of Washington, he was constantly under a cloud. His temper was arrogant and irritable, and he made many enemies. He was very extravagant and fond of display, and had plunged into speculations which did not turn out successfully. Charges of speculation and of mismanaging public accounts were brought against him, and he had on one occasion been sentenced by court-martial to a public reprimand. Soured by his money difficulties, and by his ill-treatment, as he conceived it, General Arnold had determined to desert to the British standard, and in March 1779 he began a secret correspondence under the name of "Gustavus" with Sir Henry Clinton, ostensibly on commercial matters. The British commander seized the opportunity thus offered of ending the war, and he has himself left on record that he was "liberal in making him such offers and promises as he judged most likely to encourage him in his present temper."

Arnold soon offered to surrender Westpoint, the fortress which was the key to the whole of the American military position in the north. He had previously obtained the command of this important post by special favour of the general, with the intention of betraying the prize to the enemy.

It now became necessary that some one should be sent to Westpoint for a personal conference with the writer of the letters to Sir Henry Clinton, for the Commander wished to be sure that his suspicion of his correspondent being no other than General Arnold was correct. The messenger must be fully authorised, and must be qualified by prudence and entire trustworthiness to carry out so delicate a negotiation, and

it was agreed that Major André, who had recently been appointed Adjutant-General, should be chosen for the mission.

John André was a young officer, who, by his frank and attractive character and bearing, and by his military ability, had won golden opinions from all with whom he came in contact. He had been aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton and to his predecessor, and he showed such promise that, though only twenty-nine, he had been appointed by the Commander-in-Chief Adjutant-General of the British army in America.

A few years earlier, André had given up a mercantile career in England, and, entering the army, had joined the forces in America, on account, it is said, of a disappointment in love. The lady to whom he had become attached was Honora Sneyd, who in 1773 married Richard Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist. There is a romantic story that André was taken prisoner by the enemy not long after he reached America, and stripped of all that he had except a miniature of Honora Sneyd, which he contrived to hide in his mouth.

André was of a lively and amiable disposition, good-looking, musical, a clever artist, and of marked intellectual talent. There is a general agreement among those who have written about him, whether friends or foes, as to the fascination which his personality exercised upon all. The biographer of George Washington has written of André: "It would seem that art had been successfully employed in the embellishment of those fascinating qualities that nature had lavished on him. Possessed of a fine person and an excellent understanding, he had united the polish of a Court and the refinements given by education to the heroism of a soldier."

The words of the inscription in Westminster Abbey, therefore, which record the universal love and esteem in which André was held by the Army, are something much more than the mere empty conventionalism of an epitaph.

His qualities were such as to make him a social favourite. In 1778, when the British army occupied Philadelphia, an elaborate fête was given by the officers in honour of Sir William Howe, who was returning to England. In this entertainment, which was known as the *Mischianza*, André took a conspicuous part. He was one of the knights who competed in a mock tournament, in which British officers, dressed in character and attended by esquires, entered the lists for the favour of a number of young American ladies in Turkish dress. He and another officer painted most of the decorations and scenery, and even designed the fancy dresses of the ladies. Among these was the beautiful Miss Shippen, who afterwards became the wife of Benedict Arnold, and her portrait, sketched at this time by Captain André, is still extant. An account of the *Mischianza* appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for August 1778, which is said to have been written by him to his friend, Miss Anna Seward.

When it had been arranged that Major André should meet General Arnold and confer with

him, more than one attempt was made to bring about the meeting without success, some accident intervening. Arnold had invited the Adjutant-General to come within his lines, but this proposal was declined for the sake of avoiding risk, and, for the same reason, it was decided that André should wear his regimentals.

Accordingly they were to meet under a flag of truce near the outposts, and the pretext was put forward that the messenger wished to discuss a private matter connected with the sequestration of the property of Colonel Beverley Robinson, an American loyalist. It is the one blot on André's fair fame throughout the transaction that he declared in a letter addressed to Colonel Shaldon, an American officer at Westpoint, and purporting to come from John Anderson, a British merchant, that the business was innocent and could not possibly injure the interests of either side. Eventually, on September 20, André went on board the British warship *Vulture*, which sailed up the Hudson river to within a few miles of the American camp.

It is said that General Arnold actually showed the letter proposing the interview to Washington, who happened to be at Westpoint, in order to keep up appearances, and that the Commander-in-Chief strongly urged him to have nothing to do with the matter. It was in consequence of this, we are told, that the interview could not take place under a flag of truce, but had to be secret. The facts as to the flag being sent, however, are disputed, as we shall see, and the point remains uncertain.

When the *Vulture* was within reach of the appointed place, a boat was sent at night to bring off André, on which he was rowed, with muffled oars, to the shore, where, at midnight, he landed. Arnold met him on neutral ground, and the conference began, and was continued for some hours.

When morning began to dawn Arnold proposed to André, for fear of detection, that they should withdraw into the house of one Joshua Smith, which was (though André did not know it) within the American lines. Thus André, in writing to Washington after his capture, pleaded that he was conducted within the lines, "against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand." Arnold then gave to André full particulars of the fortress at Westpoint, and discussed the British attack which was to be made.

When their conference was at length finished it was intended that André should return to the *Vulture* in the same way that he came, but the boatmen who had rowed him refused to run the risk by daylight, and it was discovered that the British sloop had been compelled to change her anchorage in consequence of cannon brought to bear on her by the enemy. The only course which remained was for André to return by land to New York, a journey of about thirty miles. Arnold provided him with a pass made out for "John Anderson," and insisted on his disguising himself in the clothes of Joshua

Smith, who accompanied him to show him the way. André objected to the disguise, as Sir Henry Clinton had specially urged him not to put off his uniform, for fear of compromising himself, but there seemed to be no other means of getting back to the British lines. The two men therefore set out, André having the important papers, containing all information for the British commander, concealed in his boots, and together passed outside the American lines. They spent the night of September 22 at a house on the way, and Joshua Smith, who afterwards escaped to England, published a narrative of the journey, in which he remarks on the anxiety and apprehension which his companion showed until they had safely passed the outposts. When they were within about fifteen miles of New York, Smith, after pointing out the way, turned back, assuring André that he was now only likely to fall in with British parties.

"It is strange," says Mr. Lecky in his "History of the Eighteenth Century," "to think how largely the course of modern history depended upon that solitary traveller, for had André reached New York, the plot would almost certainly have succeeded, and the American Revolution been crushed."

But André had not gone far on his way when, at a place called Tarrytown, he was stopped by three men who were playing cards by the side of the road, and forced to dismount. In the confusion of the moment, André, instead of showing his pass signed by General Arnold, asked the men if they belonged to the British, and avowed himself to be a British officer.

The object of these three Americans in stopping the traveller has been disputed. When the importance of the capture was known, the captors were naturally held in great honour, and they eventually received a pension of two hundred dollars each for life, and a silver medal. But it seems probable that they were merely on the look-out for cattle or any plunder which might fall into their hands, and that they had no patriotic motive in arresting the British officer. However this may be, they searched André, found the papers in his boots, and disregarding the large rewards which he promised them if they would conduct him to the British camp, they took him off to the nearest American post.

Here André had once again a narrow chance of escape, for Colonel Jamieson, the American officer to whom he was taken, though he saw the incriminating documents in Arnold's handwriting, came near to sending the prisoner to that general himself, not suspecting the treachery.

He wrote a letter to Arnold, however, instead, which enabled the traitor to make good his escape to a British ship under a flag, just before Washington, who was expected, arrived at Westpoint. The American General learnt of the plot and of André's capture from the letter; the treason was to him, in his own words, "as shocking as it was unexpected." André was

brought to the American camp, and his case was tried by a board of fourteen officers, of whom two were not Americans. He addressed a manly letter to Washington, pointing out that it was only by necessity that he had been driven to assume a name and disguise not his own, and asking that he might be treated honourably, for he was "involuntarily an impostor." Washington submitted to the board the facts of the arrest, and the papers taken, and asked for a decision on the case. The prisoner was examined, but not allowed counsel. In answer to the question whether he considered himself under the protection of a flag when he left the *Vulture* for his conference with Arnold, André unfortunately replied that he could not suppose so. Sentence was then given against him, and he was condemned to death as a common spy.

Sir Henry Clinton and Colonel Robinson, who was in command of the *Vulture*, both wrote to Washington, on hearing of the arrest, that André had acted throughout under a flag of truce granted by Arnold, and that therefore he could not be treated as a spy without violation of the recognised rules of war. Washington's reply was to quote the prisoner's own words, but he observed that a flag given for a treasonable purpose could not be regarded as sacred. To General Robertson, who was sent a few days later from the British camp to plead for André's life, and who urged the contention of Arnold that a flag had been sent for him, the grim answer was returned that the Americans believed André's word as given in his own confession, rather than that of Arnold. The proposal to refer the question to two military authorities, one from each side, was also rejected.

On the day before his death, André wrote again to Washington, making a last request that he might die as a soldier and be spared the indignity of the gallows. The request was not granted, though, from motives of delicacy, he was kept in ignorance of the denial until the fatal moment. Two days earlier he had written a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, thanking the general for his many kindnesses, and commending his mother and sisters to his solicitude. He also assured him that he was "perfectly tranquil in mind, and prepared for any fate to which an honest zeal for his King's service might have devoted him."

The calmness and courage of André in his last hours struck all those around him. Shortly before his death he made a pencil sketch of himself, which is still kept at Yale College. When he was brought to execution,

he exclaimed on seeing the gibbet: "Must I then die like this?" But his courage never failed. The way in which Washington regarded the sad event is seen from his letters, and from those of Alexander Hamilton, who was acting as his aide-de-camp.

"The circumstances André was taken in justified his execution"—wrote Washington to Count Rochambeau a few days after—"and policy required a sacrifice; but as he was more unfortunate than criminal in the affair, and as there was much in his character to interest, while we yielded to the necessity of rigour, we could not but lament it."

Alexander Hamilton wrote: "Everything that is amiable in virtue, in fortitude, in delicate sentiment and accomplished manners, pleads for him; but hard-hearted policy calls for a sacrifice—He must die!"

The biographer of Washington, who has already been quoted, makes the following striking comment on the incident: "The general officers lamented the sentence, which the usages of war compelled them to pronounce; and perhaps on no occasion of his life did the Commander-in-Chief obey with more reluctance the stern mandates of duty and of policy. The sympathy excited among the American officers was as universal as it is unusual on such occasions, and proclaims alike the merit of him who suffered and the humanity of those who countenanced the punishment."

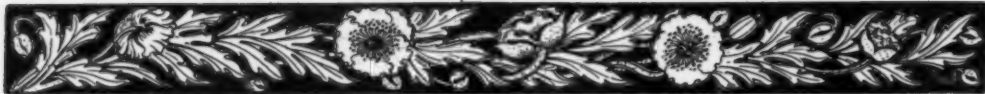
These extracts seem enough to show that Washington and the other American generals were not actuated by cruelty or intemperate vindictiveness in deciding on André's fate. The moment of Arnold's treachery was a critical one in the war. The letter of the law demanded the death of Major André as a spy, and it was not to be expected that the General could choose such a moment to interrupt by an act of indulgence the course of strict justice, deplorable as the necessity for it was.

André's remains were buried close to the place of execution, and the whole British army went into mourning for his memory.

In 1821 the coffin was disinterred from its resting-place, and the remains were solemnly transferred into a mahogany sarcophagus covered with crimson velvet, to be brought to England. On the grave was found growing a peach-tree, which was also brought across the Atlantic.

The brave soldier's mortal remains were then re-interred beneath the monument in Westminster Abbey, which had already been erected to his honour.

TRAVERS BUXTON.



Past, Present and Future.

YESTERDAY

I WATCHED her as she took her silent way
To the blue spaces : few she left behind
Laid hand upon her train or yearned to say
Sweet farewells, such as linger in the mind.
The griefs she brought looked in the sunset's ray
But gentle things, not in themselves unkind,
Or sent to wrestle with a prosperous wind,
And thwart the good borne on it ; large and full
Her joys grew on the vision, as the moon
From the horn tips completes her beautiful
Orb of white splendour, in a perfect June.
The young and the mature forgot her soon ;
It was the aged, dim of sight, and dull,
Who talked about her in to-day's high noon.

TO-DAY.

Some say—a tyrant, full of strange device
And alternating moods ; deadly in spite
To those who merit love ; with adder bite
To check the courser's heels ; and hoarded ice
For tender garden bloom of fruit or flower or spice.
Nay, says the interpreter—Her robes are white ;
Fortune in choice of favourites is not nice ;
To-Day shall be made known when love says "Write."
Her toilers often wet with tears the seeds
She gives them for their sowing ; but at play
The children laugh ; they glory in her sway.
The young note carelessly her golden deeds.
Their thoughts are with their hopes, far, far, away ;
The old look back and do not mind to-day.

TO-MORROW

Ah, dimly guessed, how yearning are the eyes
That turn towards thy chambers, hope to borrow,
The young expectant of some glad surprise,
The suffering of relief, surcease from sorrow.
Waken betimes ; the watchers bid thee rise,
How soft the veils that shut thee in, To-morrow !—
Pearly their clasp and edged with golden dyes.
Thy coming is prepared for by the wise.
To-day is disappointing ; we are tired
Of waiting on her pleasure ; night draws on,
And hope in her fair promises is gone.
Come thou, and we will toil as God-inspired,
To earn thy favour and thy benison.
No word ; no sign ; save tears o'er tasks undone.

SARSON C. J. INGHAM.



HOW SOME GENTLEWOMEN EARN A LIVING IN AMERICA.

THUS far it almost seems as if every plan were exhausted to find employment for destitute or impoverished gentlewomen, while yet the result leaves so much to be desired. However, we need not be discouraged. The continually changing conditions of the physical world must continually make new opportunities for women. Such has been the story of our century, giving bread to thousands upon thousands of women, telegraph operators and telephone girls, and so it is likely to continue. Even the bicycle has not been entirely for play among American women, for it is not unusual to see advertisements, "Bicycle instruction for ladies : by a lady." Then why,

for instance, should not the auto-mobile cab give employment to women? Is it more unwomanly to manage such than to ride a bicycle or drive a pair of horses?

The western states and territories of America are crying for honest labour (even as we house-keepers are almost weeping for willing arms in our kitchens that shall cost us less than £3 10s. a month and board as good as our own), but strong-armed men prefer to fight for work on pavements, and bring children up to poverty : as working girls prefer the noise of shops and factories to the quiet of kitchens.

Glancing over the field of woman's work we are reminded again how little of it is new, even

though that little feeds tens of thousands. In our present lists many things are older than we are. Here are ladies making dolls' clothing and living well by it. Yet Dickens knew of doll-dressmakers before we were born. Nowadays these doll-dressmakers dress dolls less often than they make dolls' petticoats by the gross; dolls' underwear, sheets and pillowcases. The doll-dressmaker is usually an *artiste* who takes the doll in hand as she would take a human figure, and studies its lines and contours, to say nothing of its complexion. She succeeds usually better than many novelists in dressing their heroines; if she did not, her business would not prosper.

Again we point to the "visiting lady's maid" calling upon her clients once or twice a week, brushing hair, making faces, cleaning brushes, dusting, pressing, and folding clothes, only to be reminded of lively little Miss Mowcher, who must have died long ago. Nevertheless American ladies have learned various ways of getting a living undreamed of before our day. The widow of a publisher near Boston deprived of her support lives well in her own home on the profits of bread-making. She had business observation enough to know that if she cooked for a living in her own home, as she wished to do, she must provide something continually in demand and do it better than it was already done. Boston is proverbially fond of its own brown-bread, known in perfection nowhere out of New England, entirely unknown out of the United States. The lady knew that her "B.B.B." (Boston Brown Bread) was the best of its kind, good enough for a commodity to which her name could be always applied as a specialty. Now she sends out loaves enough every day to restaurants and shops from her own kitchen to bring her an income of £10 a month clear of expenses. Nobody who knows Mrs. L.'s "B.B.B." ever asks for any other.

Another lady obliged to furnish quick lunches discovered how exceedingly convenient were "Saratoga chips," a kind of fried potato bought at almost any grocer's, but usually bought exasperatingly dry and tasteless. She inquired and found them greatly in demand for the midday lunch of working people as well as for a better class living in flats. She had the knack of frying them so exquisitely that the slices might be held between thumb and finger of a kid glove without leaving a trace. Now she sells as many as she can possibly supply with the help of two women, and hundreds of tired or hurried housekeepers buy "Mrs. G.'s Chips," to be made as good as new with two minutes in a gas or oil-stove oven. Mrs. G.'s chips are all put up in paper boxes each marked with the date of their cooking, so that nobody need buy them else than crisp and crackling.

Still another lady bethought herself of a dainty gone very much out of fashion because rather difficult to make successfully. She went into the cooking of crullers in her own house. Now her little cream-coloured cart of antique style and finish, and antique inscription "Ye

Old Fashion Cruller," is a familiar sight calling at the doors of her clients. She employs a man to drive, another to deliver with large silver tongs from a snowily lined basket, and there she is wrong. She ought to employ ladies.

The business of preserving and pickling is now so much done by reduced gentlewomen that the mistress of a flat, or indeed any housekeeper, has really no need to bother herself in making them. The leading grocers of American cities, who cater to the best class of customers, find it to their advantage to sell the home-made dainties even at a higher price, for refined housekeepers will not be put off with factory-made jellies and jams when Mrs. A's, Mrs. B's, Miss C's, are for sale at a trifle more. Indeed, it becomes a boast of fine housekeeping, "I use only Mrs. D's or Miss E's." Of course these things are all perfect of their kind, and the least deterioration of quality would ruin their sale for ever. The point in all these efforts at earning a living is to fix upon some article constantly in demand and to make that article so exceedingly good, that the maker's name becomes a great part of its marketable value. A housekeeper going into any strange shop and finding there the "Miss B's cake," for which she asks, is likely to feel almost a proprietary interest in Miss B and her cake, and to use and recommend it wherever and whenever she can.

This field of work is not yet covered by any means. Other delicacies to be made a specialty might be found in any old-time cookery book. The trouble is that reduced gentlewomen usually lack the business eye for these opportunities as well as the capital with which to pay for preliminary losses, and the nerve to meet them.

A young lady in an American University town reminded her father that students were always fond of sweets. He hired for her a tiny corner in a chemist's shop, which she separated from the rest by a screen. There she set a pretty table with home-made sweets, always fresh and perfect from her mother's hand, and there she sells enough to keep the wolf from any door.

Other ways are somewhat more ingenious. One young woman known to the writer, with a crippled mother to support, drives a cart all the week and collects and delivers laundry parcels. Another arranges with great dairies to have delicious butter put up in small boxes, holding from three to six pounds, and delivers it to her customers at a penny or so less a pound than the retail buttermen sell it. In one large apartment-house of small flats without servants, it is the custom to hire a charwoman one day of the week to sweep, dust, and put the entire flat in order. In every tiny kitchen of these flats are set tubs of soapstone. Little or no laundry work is done in these flats, the tubs covered with oaken tablets are used for another purpose. Every dirty dish goes into them and they are filled with water till the turn comes of that set of tubs for Miss J.'s daily visit. Miss J. is a spinster, a teacher till her health failed.

She has a room in the building and makes her living by washing dishes at fifteen cents an hour (or sevenpence-halfpenny), charwoman's wages. She is also at the service of any flat on "At home" days for waiting upon doors and tea-tables. She dresses as a lady, not as a *bonne*, and nobody of her employers feels the slightest chagrin that everybody knows exactly the terms of her service. Long ago Lady Morgan wrote that she was living without servants because she could not endure dirt, drunkenness, and insolence. Nowadays thousands of American flats are built that ladies may do without servants—because they cannot afford them.

That American women have so largely entered the professions, and become doctors, lawyers, ministers, is of course known in England. That some have taken contracts for street-cleaning, as well as for house decoration and landscape gardening, may provoke a smile. That some have taken out pilots' certificates as well as captains' (for steamers and yachts) may seem incredible. Some even have taken to stage-driving, at which no Englishwoman need be surprised since one of Hardy's novels, "The Woodlanders," opens with the introduction of Mrs. Dollery driving a carrier waggon, and who, "having to hop up and down many times in the service of her passengers, wore short leggings under her gown for modesty's sake."

Commercial travellers among women are not unfrequent in America, as also insurance agents, but we scarcely number these among gentlemanly occupations. The rhymist who earns her bread by the manufacture of mottoes for confectionery and other things is not unknown in London. Riding up Holborn and Oxford Street on omnibus tops, we used to see a painted window, "Verses written while you wait." Rhyming advertisements require more ability and are better paid. A large business company pays a lady a handsome salary for advertisements daily new, sometimes a witty parody of a popular poet, other times attractive anecdotes usually extracted from forgotten memoirs and diaries, but always requiring both wit and wisdom to fit them to the point.

Mending is naturally a woman's resort. In America, where the servant problem seems insoluble, the week's mending basket is not so. Very many busy housekeepers keep that basket for one certain day of the week, when the mender comes and earns her five shillings by her day's work of nine hours. Many of these menders have their regular circuit six days of the week a six houses, with midday dinners included. Others take mending to their homes. The neighbourhood of a laundry is a boon to these ladies, so many people are glad to pay for sending away unmended linen, and receiving it clean and whole. Still another industry is making over old gowns into as good as new. Since women have gone into wage-earning so largely, they often throw a decent gown aside, lacking time to re-make it. These

re-makers take any dress in, whatever condition, pick it apart, clean, press, and re-make as one would do for oneself. If desired, they even dye trimmings and materials at a much cheaper rate than professional dyers, the popular domestic dyes called diamond dyes making the work easily successful, even though not such as a lady could do for herself without a wide kitchen and drying space. The comfort of turning off one's dingy old blue serge and receiving back a pretty cardinal red tea-gown or black walking-frock cannot be put into words, especially when the cost is a third that of a new one. Some ladies take charge of the entire cleaning of houses or flats in the owner's absence. They mark the exact place of every article of furniture that it may be properly replaced, then hire all the labour necessary, and see to the carpet and curtain cleaning, being themselves paid by contract.

It may startle English gentlewomen to learn that boot-blackening is one of the latest employments undertaken by an American lady, especially as all the world knows that blacking boots is a degradation to which no house servant will submit in these Free and Equal States.

How English people in New York always stare to see boots and bottines, clumsy and delicate, masculine and feminine, go out of houses to the nearest boot-black's corner, and return nicely polished, dangling from a pole or cane!

A young woman, employing part of her time on a newspaper, tells her story in these words:

"I was thinking hard how I could get money. I looked down slowly at the foot that was keeping time to my thoughts. My shoe needed cleaning, and like a flash I saw a way to raise money. There is no place in the city where a lady may have her shoe polished except she sit on a box in an alley as men do. I never said a word to anyone, but set to work. I had a circular printed and mailed it to every club and society woman I could think of. Then I took \$70 out of what I had saved from my newspaper work, and bought all the equipments for my stand. Then I asked the salutarian of our class if she would help me; she consented, and now she is cashier. Then I spoke to some boys, and they were all delighted to come and help me. I fixed my room prettily, and there are fresh flowers on the table and magazines and papers.

"Now that I am started I have no expense, as even the store-room is given to me free, and I hope to make \$300 by September. I have risked my \$70, to be sure, but I think I shall get it all back and more, and every minute I am not working in the office I spend soliciting trade and waiting on customers. Of course I shine shoes myself."

"Shine shoes myself!" there it is in a nutshell. Do whatever one finds to do, do it oneself, and do it well!

Cambridge, Mass.

MARY B. WETHERBEE.



A SEA HORSE.

DRAWN BY GORDON BROWN, R.I.

WOMEN'S HOME INDUSTRIES IN LONDON.

THE progress in the condition of the mass of working people during the last half-century has been manifest; all the more conspicuous by its contrast is the decadence of the condition of women who work in their own homes. The sad lot of these toilers is distinctly worse than it was when, two generations ago, Tom Hood stung the conscience of England with his "Song of the Shirt," and its appalling picture of the poor woman

"In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt."

From that day to this there has been the ceaseless dolorous procession of those who have worked and suffered in

"The deep dark underworld of woe
That underlies life's shining surfaces;
Dim populous pain, and multitudinous toil,
Unheeded of the heedless world, which treads
The piteous upturned faces underfoot
In the gay rout which rushes to its ends."

Of such women Mr. Charles Booth says "that life for many is nothing more than procrastination of death." Unfortunately there is no sign that the nadir has yet been reached, nor is any way of escape obvious and easily attainable. Among this mass of toilers, churches, missions, and settlements are working in every district; often little more can be done than to brighten the dark lot of those who exist on the sharp edge of privation; but much will be gained when each oppressed worker can be assured of a personal interest in her particular struggles. Happily, enlarged knowledge develops intelligent sympathy and leads to an intenser desire to stop at its springs the sources of widespread misery. The difficulties which encompass the subject increase the need for spreading accurate information.

In 1894 the Women's Industrial Council was formed, with the special object of organising systematic inquiry into the condition of working women, and of promoting such action as may seem conducive to their improvement. In pursuance of this object the council has undertaken a series of investigations in connection with most of the women's home industries in the metropolis. As many as 400 cases have been personally visited, and the details embodied in a report. The inquiries have been chiefly made in the districts of Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, Southwark, and Woolwich. We shall review the facts collected in connection with a few of the trades dealt with, adding illustrations

gathered from our personal experiences in the extreme east end of London.

In the report sixteen chief occupations cover 366 out of the 400 cases. These trades include tailoring, shirt-making, bead and braid work, brush-making, fur-pulling, and sack-making. They range from umbrella-making, which is, on the whole, the most advantageous of such industries on account of the comparatively skilled labour required, to match-box making, which takes the lowest place.

The statistical tables give the details of the work in each case. Here we can only mention that of the 400 cases investigated, 121 earn in average wages not more than 1s. per day, another 128 less than 1s. 6d., 168 under 2s., and only 72 are known to secure more than 2s. each day. Usually the hours of work are long, for there are no factory regulations to limit them, and the miserable pittance received is practically a starvation wage. It is not surprising that such toilers should lose the stimulus of hope and any expectation that brighter days will dawn upon them. They lack the energy to take any decided steps to improve their lot. Many of these workers are married women. Frequently when the husband cannot get work, the maternal instincts of the wife impel her to stop at no sacrifice: factory life is of course impossible, and though the pay for home work is miserable, she will struggle on without a murmur. Unfortunately, the prevalence of the home industry handicaps the factory workers in the same trade. The employer can pit the homemaker against the operative when improved conditions are demanded by the latter.

As we interrogate groups of workers in different trades, we may realise more adequately their position and the problems confronting the reformer.

TAILORS AND SHIRT WORKERS.

In the tailoring trade there is extreme irregularity of work, and the slack time falls in the winter, when the needs of the home are greatest. The work done by women is mostly of the cheapest goods. It is altogether too heavy for them. It is stated that prices have gone down nearly 25 per cent. in the last ten years. In the manufacture of women's and children's clothing, the competition of the home work done in Irish peasant homes has been largely felt, as the cost of living in Ireland is much lower. Even with the better-class work the earnings are ridiculously inadequate. We know well a quick and skilled worker who makes some of the best knickerbocker suits: the

payments range from 2s. 6d. to 5s. *per dozen suits of two garments each*. By closest diligence she cannot make more than half a dozen suits a day. We have known also another woman making mackintosh capes at the rate of 2½d. for each cape.

Shirt-making is lighter work than tailoring, but the rates of pay are, on the whole, worse. We have often sat with women making shirts at the rate of 7d. a dozen shirts. For these coarse and cheap shirts the material has so much "dressing," that the worker is harassed by an almost continuous cough, often the prelude to consumption. Moreover, the rough material breaks the needles of the sewing-machine, so that as many as three may have to be replaced in a single day, at a cost of 2d. By working sixteen hours a quick machinist can make two dozen shirts. It must be remembered that, in addition to the cost of cotton and needles, the sewing-machine has to be obtained. This is usually bought on the hire-purchase system, at a payment of about half-a-crown a week: a machine worth 5 guineas will be charged 7l. for, and is forfeited if the weekly payments are missed. It will be seen that the earnings of such women are only about ¾d. an hour, without reckoning the payment for the machine.

But if the shirt-maker is miserably paid, the "finisher" is in a worse plight still. Her duties are to sew on the buttons and make the buttonholes, and do the buttonhole tackings. For this 3d., or even 2½d. per dozen shirts is paid. Thus these poor hand-sewers get no more than ¼d. for each shirt that they do, and the work generally involves making six buttonholes and sewing on eight buttons. One of the witnesses stated that with help from a child she could earn 9d. a day. We have known several seamstresses working at such rates who have not been able to get nearly enough work to fill up their time.

A few years ago a very interesting experiment in philanthropy was made by Mr. W. J. Walker and a few friends. These gentlemen decided to eliminate the middleman or sweater, in order to ascertain if the women workers could live when paid the full amount given by the warehouseman. Some fourteen women, representing the poorest class of shirt-makers, were set to work in a little hall in Poplar, and provided with material to make up by a city manufacturer. The information gained showed that the machinists could earn up to 12s. per week when they thus received the full payment made by the merchant, but it also showed that the case of the finisher was hopeless. Mr. Walker says, "We gave her all that we got from the manufacturer, and even a shade more sometimes, and yet it was a noble wage if she reached 5s. per week." And he sums up by saying, "The wages are below decent living point among the machinists, and as for the finishers—the wages are below living point altogether."

Happily, on a larger scale, where co-operation has replaced competition, a different result can be attained. The Scottish Wholesale Co-

operative Society employs 164 hands in making shirts and underclothing, and is able to pay an average sum of 14s. per week of forty-four hours.

It has long been the belief that the low rate paid for such kinds of work is largely due to women entering upon it who do not need it as a means of subsistence. Women whose husbands are in work will follow such industries as a source of additional income, in order to secure extra articles of dress and comforts for the home. It has been felt that such persons underbid those who are dependent on their labour for their living, and so drag down the prices. In the recent investigations, several of the inquirers were impressed with signs of an opposite tendency, and they state that they found that where such married women living in better homes undertook similar work, they were able to earn higher wages, possibly on account of superior skill and strength due to their better nourishment. But the evidence on this very important matter is somewhat confusing and contradictory, and it would be rash to generalise from the instances before us. It is plain that the more physically robust worker will accomplish more work per hour, but we are by no means convinced that this added power is not sometimes used to lower the rate of pay. In any case the competition of the married woman, working for supplementary profits, often keeps the widow and the spinster from getting work at all.

FUR-PULLERS.

Fur-pulling is a noxious industry which has been dragged from the streets in which it lurks into the light of day by the revelations of this committee. It ought to be possible speedily to secure a change in its conditions. It is practically confined to the Bermondsey and Southwark district, and those who practise it seem to conceal themselves from the eyes of others. The work consists in removing the long coarse hairs from rabbit-skins; consequently the dwellings in which it is done reek with the sickly smell of uncleaned skins. The air of the houses is thick with the multitude of tiny hairs which float in it. Here is a description of a typical room in which fur-pullers live and work, as given by Mrs. Hogg:

"The room is barely eight feet square, even less, because of its accumulation of dirt; and it has to serve for day and night alike. Pushed into one corner is the bed, a dirty pallet tied together with string, upon which is piled a black heap of bedclothes. On one half of the table are the remains of breakfast—a crust of bread, a piece of butter, and a cracked cup, all thickly coated with the all-pervading hairs. The other half is covered with pulled skins, waiting to be taken into 'shop.' The window is tightly closed, because such air as can find its way in from the stifling court below would force the hairs into the noses and eyes and lungs of the workers, and

make life more intolerable for them than it is already. To the visitor, indeed, the choking sensation caused by the passage of the hairs into the throat, and the nausea from the smell of the skins, is at first almost too overpowering for speech."¹

We get a haunting picture of the women at work, unkempt, prematurely aged, and working under these terrible conditions for wretchedly small pay. In some cases only 10*d.* is paid "per turn," that is, for doing sixty skins. The grinding of the knife costs about 3*d.* per week, and the shield for the finger about half that sum. A woman may pull a turn and a half in some twelve hours, and thus earn for this loathsome work about 1½*d.* an hour.

The summarised reports of the visitors are gruesome reading. We hear of work being done in dreadful little rooms no bigger than cupboards, with the windows not made to open; of the staircases being thick with fur; of work done in the bedroom, the mother confessing that it was "dreadful unhealthy work—very bad if you have a baby to suckle in the same room"; while another significantly remarks, "We drink plenty of fur with our tea."

There is no manner of doubt as to what should be done with this industry. It ought to be absolutely prohibited in all premises which are occupied as dwelling rooms. Nor would there be any insuperable difficulty in enforcing such a regulation. The area in which fur-pulling is carried on is limited and well defined, and the tenements could be rigorously inspected. Deficiencies exist in the factories; but the workers feel that labour there is very different from the work at home. One woman expecting soon to work in a factory said, "The shop was a beautiful place, more like the 'orspital than a shop."

MATCH-BOX MAKERS.

The making of match-boxes is the last resource of the destitute, and the first occupation of young girls. Here we get the labour which is worst paid of all. We have long been familiar with the rate of 2½*d.* and 2*d.* for making a gross of match-boxes: in this report instances are cited where only 1½*d.* is paid. As we have already remarked, in all these home industries there is a tendency for wages to decline. The match-box maker has to provide the paste, fire for drying the boxes, hemp for tying up the bundles, and often has to lose considerable time in fetching and returning the goods. These items to be deducted cannot be less than 2*d.* from every half-crown earned. It is interesting to watch the deft fingers of a quick worker as she bends into shape the cardboard for the case and the drawer, puts on the sand or phosphorus paper and fixes in the bottom, and

finishes the neat box so familiar to us all; but to have thus to make 288 articles, in addition to the preliminary pasting of the wrapper and the coloured paper, and then to have to fit the drawers and cases together and to convey the bulky packages before 2*d.* can be earned, is one of the most appalling aspects of our industrial development. A very rapid worker may make a gross in an hour, but a good day's work is done if eight gross are completed in it; and the average remuneration only comes to be about ¾*d.* per hour, when allowance is made for going to and fro, and waiting at the factory.

Match-box makers who work inside the factories have considerable advantages. They are usually paid 2½*d.* per gross; they have their paste and fire provided for them, and do not have to box up, that is, slide the drawers into the cases—this is, indeed, always waste labour, as the two have again to be separated for the boxes to be filled with matches. We believe that the Salvation Army factories usually pay 3½*d.* per gross.

The facilities for employing children are greater in this home industry than in any other. The visitors report that, in one case, they found that a little boy only four years old helped his mother by folding the paper after it was pasted over the cardboard. Poor parents are naturally tempted to try to keep away from school children who can help in such work, and the prevalence of industries of this kind in a district seriously checks educational effort.

We cannot describe in detail the other trades dealt with in these inquiries. Brush-drawing is not much better off than shirt-making. The work consists in drawing the fibre or bristles through the holes bored in the brush, fixing them by a wire, which ties them in the centre and is then fastened securely at the back. Tooth-brush drawers seldom earn more than 6*s.* per week, being paid at the rate of 4*d.* or 5*d.* per dozen; and no speck is allowed on the handles, though each passes through the hands thirty times. Amongst the visitors' notes we get a picture of a sturdy and independent old dame, a widow seventy years old, who makes gum-brushes. She contrives to earn 1*s.* 2*d.* in a working day of fourteen hours and a half, and just keeps out of the "big house"; but she refused to receive a proffered gift.

SUGGESTED REMEDIES

It is impossible to peruse such documents without asking what can be done. A nation is degraded when its women are so oppressed, and home loses its charm for the families of such toilers in their ceaseless struggle with hunger and exhaustion.

There is no hope in combination among the workers themselves. One of the witnesses before the Sweating Commission, a few years back, stated that he had known a poor woman go to a sweater and offer to take the work out at a ¼*d.* and at other times at ½*d.* less than her

¹ See an article by Mrs. Hogg in "The Nineteenth Century" for November 1897. It would appear that subsequent to the publication of this article Mrs. Hogg has advocated the absolute prohibition of fur-pulling in dwelling-houses, as suggested above.

neighbours. Women have not the same power of united action as men, and they lack the physical strength for a prolonged strike. The success of the match girls in their strike in 1889 is no parallel to the lot of home workers.

We have to turn for a solution to legislative action, and also to the slower process of education. Here it is important to notice what has been accomplished in other countries. The United States have taken the lead in imposing restrictions on home work. The laws made by several State legislatures were primarily aimed at the protection of the community from the danger of infection, which arises from garments being made in insanitary dwellings. This salutary fear of disease has led to the prohibition in New York State of such articles being made in any room in a dwelling-house except by the immediate members of the family living there, and in this latter case a written permit must be obtained and the premises certified. Similar laws have been passed in other States, such as Massachusetts and Illinois. But the difficulty of enforcing such regulations is enormous. For example, in Chicago the inspectors have lists of more than 2,000 garment-shops. Complete supervision is impossible, as the workers are continually moving, and delight to frustrate the efforts made for their benefit. Nevertheless the efforts made have greatly diminished the amount of home work; and in New York City the changes, which have resulted in the erection of fresh factories, have improved the condition of as many as 17,000 persons.

It is a wise policy to discourage home work in every way. The regulation which now requires employers of labour to furnish a list of

all out-workers should be greatly strengthened. It needs to apply to every trade; and it is eminently desirable that the employer should be held accountable for the conditions under which work is done in the home, as well as in the factory. There is no other way in which it is possible to get rid of the abominable state of things at present existing. When the employer is fully saddled with his right responsibility, then properly constructed and ventilated workshops will inevitably supersede the dilapidated tenements in which much work is now done, the community will be better protected, and the life of the workers raised to a higher plane. Meanwhile, all dwellings in which home industries are carried on should be registered and inspected as domestic workshops.

It will have been noticed that most of the industries which are worst paid are very largely mechanical and need but little skill. Much of the work could be better done by machinery, which is only kept out by the low rate at which women work. This contest with steel and iron and steam cannot be maintained. Fuller education for the girls of our poorer homes must be sought, that they may take their place as managers, not rivals of machinery.¹

Until such results can be attained, there is need for all the gracious ministries of Christian workers and organisations, that the woeful lot of our sisters may be brightened.

F. W. NEWLAND.

¹ See Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet's "Rich and Poor," p. 112 (Macmillan and Co.). This little book of some 200 pages contains the gleanings of many years' residence in Hoxton and Shoreditch, and is full of suggestion to all interested in Social work.

HOW A LONDON POLICE COURT IS WORKED.

THE average Londoner is strangely ignorant of the methods by which the custodians of law and order secure for him his accustomed immunity from the depredations of what are vaguely known as "the criminal classes." One or two of the big police courts dotted here and there about the metropolis are probably known to him by sight, but his acquaintance with them generally ceases at the doorway. Even should he obtain permission from the portly official stationed at the door to penetrate within the court, he will receive but little enlightenment.

Pushing open the swing-doors he finds himself in an interior which makes up in height for what it lacks in width. At the far end is seated an elderly gentleman, over whose head the royal arms throw a golden nimbus. In a railed-off platform in the middle stands the prisoner,

gesticulating energetically, and a harassed clerk beyond him is adjuring the witness to "*Please speak up, the prisoner can't hear one word you say, I'm certain.*" There is an inarticulate murmur from the bench. "'Ow much?" cries a brawny armed, shawl bedizened woman at the visitor's side. "Se'n d'ys; I'll do *thet* on me 'ead!" returns the prisoner jubilantly, and prisoner and gaoler depart together through a side door.

The clockwork regularity, the matter-of-fact indifference of the whole procedure, is the very reverse of impressive. There is no break in the general monotony; everyone present seems bored to the last degree. A baby on the visitor's left sets up an infantile squall; the magistrate looks up, and the black-robed usher hurriedly conducts mother and baby to the door. A few legal gentlemen are seated at a bench,

each one buried in a newspaper; in another part two reporters are chatting together in whispers, and the general public on each side of the onlooker lean stolidly against the wooden partition in front, trying to make sense out of the scattered words which are all that they can catch.

Such are the first impressions of the casual visitor; but, if he observes more closely, he will perceive that the apparent absence of all haste is really due to the perfect orderliness of the whole procedure. As fast as one prisoner is taken from the dock another is marshalled in; witness follows witness in unbroken succession; and, as on a well-ordered stage, everyone knows his cue, and there is never the suspicion of a "wait." There is really no time for delay of any kind, for the press of business at many of the courts is enormous; and so perfect is the routine, that as many as forty of the more unimportant cases can be disposed of in a couple of hours.

Let us then take a glance at the workings of the complicated human machinery by the interaction of which this result is brought about. To do this it will be necessary first to proceed to the police station adjoining, where the processes preliminary to placing the prisoner in the dock are gone through.

There is little of interest about the room we enter. One or two policemen are writing at desks; one corner is railed off as a dock for the reception of the prisoner, with painted on the wall a measurement table to take his height, and, beyond, the inspectors' room, which is furnished exactly like a merchant's office. A prisoner is brought in and placed in the dock; the inspector on duty comes forward and hears the story of the prosecutor and his witnesses, and decides whether or no he shall take the charge. If the accusation made be frivolous, or impossible of proof, the prisoner will not have to wait for the decision of the magistrate upon it, but will be at once released, particulars of the charge and the reason for its refusal being first entered in the "Refused Charge Book" for the benefit of the central authority at Scotland Yard, whither reports of all police business have to be sent.

Should, however, the charge be one of some substance, as is more likely, the inspector takes a long strip of cartridge paper, known as the "charge-sheet," and enters thereon the prisoner's name, age, address, the charge preferred against him, the names and addresses of the prosecutor and his witnesses, and an inventory of all articles found in the prisoner's possession. From this document another similar description is entered in the magistrate's "Charge Book," and this sheet also, once the case is completed, will find its way into the archives of "The Yard," having attached to it a careful abstract of the contents, so that it may be capable of immediate reference.

Meanwhile, the prisoner has been searched—a process varying from a mere inspection of the contents of his pockets to the thorough over-

hauling of every part of his clothing, according to the nature of the case—and the inspector next busies himself with the compilation of yet another document, containing a description of the prisoner's appearance and clothing, and, most important of all, of any marks upon his body. It is a noticeable fact that quite ninety *per cent.* of the lower class of criminals are tattooed, generally upon the left arm; and very inconvenient indeed do they find these indelible marks when for any reason they wish to conceal their identity. Not much originality is shown in the subject of these decorations, which are generally amatory. A heart transfixed by an arrow, or a motto such as: "I love Emma Jones"—alas, poor Emma, discarded ere the scars were healed!—usually entirely satisfies the artistic or amative aspirations of the tattooee.

These formalities completed, the prisoner is conducted to the station cells, there to await his appearance before the magistrate. All things considered, perhaps a police cell is rather an improvement upon the usual nightly lodging of the average prisoner, and certainly it has the advantage in its spotless cleanliness. It is by no means uncommon for a man to enter the station and demand to be locked up, and the request, if sufficiently persistent, is sure of satisfaction. The only disadvantage about it is that the magistrate is liable to extend the period of detention over a week, in default of a pecuniary penalty, which fact may lead the applicant to revise his views on the merits of a police station in providing free board and lodging.

The furniture of the cell is of the simplest possible description. A wooden settle, serving as bed or seat, extends round the three walls, and the heavily bolted door, with its little grate, bars all outlook to the incarcerated one. Unless the prisoner is too intoxicated to eat, or is brought in very late at night, he will be supplied with a meal consisting of a pint of either tea or coffee, according to taste, and three thick slices of bread and butter (which is *not* margarine). As the contract price of this meal is threepence per head, it can easily be seen that the prisoner has no reason to complain of lack of food here. A drink of water can be obtained at any time by application to the constable in charge of the cells. Between 8 and 8.30 the following morning a breakfast, similar in quality and quantity to the meal of the previous night, will be furnished; and at both these meals it should be stated, the prisoner has the option of obtaining at his own cost any other provisions that he may desire, alcohol and tobacco alone excepted.

Another wait of an hour and a half ensues, and then at 10 sharp the prisoners are conducted to the court and placed in the Prisoners' Waiting-Room, the constable in charge of each case being left with the prisoner in his custody. At most courts this is a lofty white-tiled room, with a broad bench running right round it, divided by lofty partitions into seats to accommodate two people, the constable and his

captive, and so to some extent preventing communication between the prisoners. But the methods by which prisoners converse with one another are far too many and too ingenious to be much interfered with by such a simple precaution. No sound may pass, but a gesture, a facial contortion, will enable any criminal of experience to understand what his neighbour wishes to say. Of course "thieves' patter" and "back slang"—the latter an ingenious inversion of common words—are current coin through all ranks of criminality, but to use such language in the waiting-room is only to risk a quick "Hold your tongue there," from the watchful custodian, with the certainty that he has understood all that was said, however cunningly wrapped up in slangy periphrasis.

On his entry into this room the prisoner passes under the control of the gaoler, and this official is responsible for him from the time when he is "sent to court"—to use the language of the charge sheet—until at the end of the day the black van arrives to transfer him to the prison. The duties of a gaoler are many and onerous. At a court with an average amount of work he may have as many as a hundred prisoners passing through his hands in one day, and it will be his task to see that each one, with the constable in charge, appears before the magistrate in the order fixed. He should also have a list of each prisoner's previous convictions, if any, at his finger's ends, and to do this he has to compile a voluminous register of his own. Of course a good memory of faces is a *sine qua non*, for a criminal of any record may have as many as half a dozen aliases, with a conviction standing to his discredit in each one.

A cultivated memory of this kind is capable of many surprising feats. Some years ago a man was charged at Bow Street Police-court with stealing a watch from one of the Judges of the High Courts. Police-sergeant White, who was then chief gaoler at that court, identified the prisoner as having been charged with theft as a lad *thirteen years before*. The man entirely denied this, declaring that he was a native-born American, and had only just come over to this country, but the gaoler supported his accusation by giving the name under which the man had been sentenced, and at this the prisoner admitted the truth, explaining that after serving his sentence he had emigrated to America.

When brought before the magistrate the prisoner will be placed in the "dock"—a small railed platform generally constructed to accommodate four, which is occasionally mistaken by too eager witnesses for the witness-box. If the offence be a simple misdemeanour, however, the prisoner will not be required to enter that place of dishonour, but will take his station in front of it. All evidence must be given in the hearing of the prisoner, being interpreted to him in case of need, or bawled into his ear by the gaoler if he says that he is deaf. On the same principle no statement made about the

prisoner to a witness by a third person is admissible in evidence unless the accused himself heard it—a fact which it takes years of drilling to get even a policeman to realise. Police-court sentences vary from a fine of a shilling to a sentence of six months' hard labour. A misdemeanour, however, can only be imprisoned in the event of his having no money and no property whereon to distrain for the amount of the fine. Persons charged with theft have the option, generally speaking, of taking their case before a jury. With respect to the graver offences, such as forgery, the magistrate has no power to convict, and police-court proceedings in such cases are only a necessary preliminary to the trial.

The case being disposed of, the prisoner is returned into the care of the gaoler, and locked by him in one of the court cells until the prison van (in common slang the "Black Maria") removes him. A very great amount of watchfulness is needed on the part of the gaolers during this period, both to prevent any forbidden articles being smuggled in by the prisoner's friends, and to anticipate any attempt that he himself may make upon his life. The fact that friends of the imprisoned one are allowed to provide him with food and drink until he is removed, naturally affords opportunity for a good deal of ingenious trickery in the effort to convey to him in addition alcohol and tobacco, to alleviate his first period of incarceration. A favourite plan some years ago was to hollow out a thick slice of bread for the reception of matches and tobacco, masking the fraud with a liberal allowance of butter, whilst the accompanying can of tea or coffee would contain a little bottle of spirits. But all food is carefully inspected before it reaches the prisoner's hands; the bread and butter, slightly pressed, reveals its secret, and the tea is always poured into another can, so that these tricks have little chance of success.

Far more serious are the attempts made by the prisoners themselves upon their lives. It is easy to imagine how, in the first shock of despair which ensues when the sentence is pronounced, there should come the insidious temptation "to mend or end it all." Women are most prone to give way to this impulse, and many are the strange and determined efforts made to end a life that has proved but a terror and a shame to its possessor. A handkerchief, a garter, or a strip of cloth torn from a petticoat, offers a ready means of strangulation, and instances are not unknown where women have attempted to take their lives by the extraordinary means of thrusting bent hairpins down their throat. A criminal who has been released on bail must often be an object of special suspicion to the gaoler, for when he surrenders he may have hidden in his clothes the poison or the knife by which he intends to cheat the law if he is sentenced. Where any suspicion has been aroused, a strict search will be made through the prisoner's clothing, and if any weapon is discovered—as not infrequently is the case

—the governor of the gaol will be made acquainted with it, though it may never reach the public ear. In one instance which has come to the writer's knowledge, a man who had concealed a razor in his boot attempted to commit suicide while the gaoler was in the very act of searching him, and so nearly succeeded that it was six months before he had recovered from the wound.

But the records of the police-court are not all of this gloomy shade. Many a lad can date his first real start in life on the day when the magistrate handed him over to the representative of the Police-Courts Mission stationed at that court, and many a wandering daughter has been restored to her home by the same kindly aid. A very large amount of work is done, too, by the police in rescuing homeless child-vagrants from the streets, and during the year hundreds of struggling families obtain from the poor-box the temporary relief they need to tide them over some especially bad time.

The element of humour, too, is not entirely lacking in the proceedings, although it is hardly of the nature depicted by some imaginative writers for the evening press. A naïve rejoinder, or an unlooked-for explanation by the prisoner, will always provoke a laugh, and even the magistrate condescends to crack a little joke at times. The quarrelsome neighbours who seem to choose their lodgings close to a police-court for convenience in getting summonses are often amusing enough in the extraordinary and vehement denunciations which they throw at one another's heads, and the wild and frothy flow of verbiage which constitutes their evidence, whilst the complainant will generally

conclude her string of accusations by producing from her pocket a piece of newspaper containing hair which she will take "her dyin' oath" was torn from her head by the righteously indignant defendant, utterly ignoring the fact that this hair is black, while her own is of the brightest shade of "carrots."

To the popular imagination also a magistrate not merely possesses absolute power in every branch of the law, but is the rectifier of all grievances, real or imaginary. Hence the police-court is the happy hunting-ground of cranks of all descriptions. One of the metropolitan courts was haunted for years by a little old lady who might have served as the model for Dickens's sketch of Miss Flite, who was for ever seeking to bring to justice the criminals who, by her account, had poisoned her husband, and buried his remains in her back garden seventeen years before. Another applicant will ask the magistrate's advice as to how he can establish his claim to an earldom which has been extinct for the last hundred years; and he may be followed by a young girl who wishes the magistrate to mediate between her and "her young man." All meet with an attentive hearing, and to each is given the advice they need; but, to judge by their faces as they leave the court, the result is seldom as satisfactory as they anticipated.

But these are only stray items in the day's work, and meanwhile the gloomy progress of prisoners from cell to dock, from dock to gaol, has recommenced, and, as we step from the grim building to the street, it is with a sense of relief that we feel once more a breath of fresh air upon our cheeks.

HOWARD H. BIRT.

THE FABLES OF HADJA NASREDDIN.

A TURK OF THE TIME OF TAMERLANE.

THE fables of the Turk Hadja Nasreddin are little known in this country. Even of Hadja himself little is known. He lived in the time of Tamerlane, his native place being known as Agh Shéhér—the White Town. His title of Hadja shows that he had attained high rank as a Moslem religionist. It appears that for a while he held the post of judge, but in summer he always engaged in agricultural work, teaching in the winter, and every Friday preaching in the mosques. Mohammedans of his own time and since have held him in great reverence, and he is regarded as one of the pioneers of Turkish literature. His fables and verses, having, of course, been all in manuscript, were easily lost. The poems have never been recovered. Such of the fables as are now known have been collected orally, among the

people with whom they have always been in high favour, and who love to recite them when they gather together on winter nights.

Everybody in every age can readily appreciate the following fable:

"THE FURRED ROBE.

"On one occasion Hadja, without changing his ordinary garments, went to a wedding feast. The guests paid him neither honour nor attention. Hadja soon left the bridegroom's house, went straight back to his home, and changed his clothes, putting on his furred gown. Then he went back to the wedding feast. As he passed through the bridegroom's door, all the guests came forward, proffering him the utmost hospitality and inviting him to take the chief seat. When they sat down to dinner, they showed him every attention, saying, 'Hadja Effendi, help yourself to whatever you please.' Hadja, holding up the collar of his furred robe, addressed it, saying, 'Help yourself, my furred

gown, to whatever pleases you.' And when the people said to him, 'What are you doing, Hadja Effendi?' Hadja answered and said to them, 'You honoured and entertained the furred gown, and therefore, let us leave the furred gown to eat the food also.'"

"The Moon in its Right Place" throws a searching side-light on much self-gratulation.

"One day, Hadja went to the well to draw water. When he looked down, he saw the reflection of the moon. Straightway he cried, 'Alas, alas! the moon is fallen into the well!' He brought a rope and a hook, and throwing them down, began to try to pull up the moon. After a great struggle the hook seized on a stone. Hadja made a great effort; the rope broke, and Hadja fell down on his back. Looking up as he lay, he saw the moon in the sky, and said, 'I have certainly had a great deal of trouble, but at last I have got the moon into her right place.'"

"The Excuse" is a reflection on false social euphemisms.

"One day, one of Hadja's neighbours came to him and asked for his rope. Hadja went into his house and came out again saying they were powdering flour on his rope.

"Oh, Hadja," said the neighbour, 'why this foolishness? Has such a thing been heard of as powdering a rope with flour?'

"Well," said Hadja, 'I don't mean to let you have my rope.'"

"The Curious" may be easily answered.

"One day, Hadja, wearing mourning garments, went to the market place. When the people saw him, they said, 'Hadja Effendi, what evil has befallen you?'

"Hadja replied, 'My son's father is dead, and I mourn his loss.'"

"Making the Best of a Bad Job."

"One day, when Hadja's wife was washing their clothes, a crow came and stole the soap. The wife cried to Hadja, 'Catch him, Hadja Effendi, catch him!' But the crow got away with the soap.

"Then said Hadja, 'Well, wife, never mind, the crow's clothes are dirtier than ours. Let her alone to go and wash them.'"

"The Caldron" is a fine satire on those who are readily credulous only where their own interests are concerned.

"One day, Hadja borrowed a caldron from a neighbour. When he had finished his work he put a little kettle into the caldron and returned it to its lender. When the neighbour saw the little kettle in the caldron he asked, 'What does this mean?' To which Hadja replied, 'Your caldron has borne offspring.' Thereupon the neighbour gladly received the caldron and the kettle. Soon afterwards Hadja again borrowed the caldron. This time he kept it so long that the neighbour watching for its return went to inquire after it.

"Said Hadja, 'Oh, my dear neighbour, may Allah save your life. Your caldron is dead!'

"The neighbour said, 'How can it be true that my caldron is dead?'

"Well," returned Hadja, 'when I told you that your caldron had given birth to a kettle, you believed that. Yet when I say that your caldron is dead, you cannot believe!'

The Turks have a superstitious belief in what they call their "Fate," which seems to be a kind of life-symbol obtained in the following fashion. When a child is born, the parents take it to some of the holy men accredited with magical powers, and the child's "Fate" is found in some image produced in a cup (as by the ancient "Halloween" practice) or by some other jugglery. Such images appear to be limited by certain

conventions. After this is done, they write out for the child an amulet, supposed to preserve it from disease, the evil eye, etc. The nature of this amulet seems based on the nature of the mysteriously apportioned "Fate." This amulet is worn on the person through life. At death it is buried with him. The Turkish belief is that when Mohammed sends the angel to take the soul, the angel first opens the amulet, and reads it. If the "Fate" of the earth life is bad, then it is destroyed, if it is good, the angel takes it with the soul to the Mohammedan paradise. The following story of Hadja shows, however, that even a devout Moslem has a secret consciousness that his "Fate" is not too immutable to be subject to modifications along with himself.

"One day, some people asked Hadja: 'Hadja Effendi, what is your Fate?'

"My Fate," said Hadja, 'is a he-goat.'

"Hadja Effendi," they exclaimed, 'among the Fates there are no he-goats.'

"Well," returned Hadja, 'my mother looked for my Fate, and they told her it was a kid.'

"Ah, that is another thing!' they answered. 'A kid is not a he-goat.'

"No," said Hadja, 'but that happened about fifty years ago—he must be a he-goat by this time.'"

The following apologue, beside its broader significance, is interesting as a picture of ancient Turkish manners and customs, some of which seem too prevalent to this day!

"One day, Hadja, praying to Allah, used the following supplication: 'Allah, I need a thousand pounds; if you gave me nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds, I should not take them.'

"Now Hadja had a Jew neighbour, and when he heard this, he took a purse and put therein nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds, and threw it down from Hadja's roof. When Hadja saw the purse, he cried aloud, 'My prayer has been answered,' and he took the purse and counted out the nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds. Then he said to himself, 'Allah, who has given these pounds, can give the last one afterwards,' and he put away the purse.

"When the Jew saw that Hadja meant to keep the money, he began to be disturbed in mind, and hastily coming to Hadja's door, he said:

"Good morning, Hadja Effendi, will you give me back my money?'

"What money?" asked Hadja.

"Why," said the Jew, 'a little while ago I threw a purse from your roof.'

"O merchant!' cried Hadja, 'have you lost your wits? I asked a gift from Allah and he gave it to me. What has that to do with your throwing purses from my roof?'

"Oh dear, dear," said the Jew. 'I did it in a jest, because I heard you saying that if Allah gave you only nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds you would not take it, and I wanted to try you.'

"Hadja answered, 'What have I to do with your jests? I asked a gift from Allah—and it came.'

"Then said the Jew, 'Let us go before the judge.'

"Hadja replied, 'I cannot go on foot.' So the Jew fetched a mule.

"Then said Hadja, 'That is well, but I must also have a furred robe.' So the Jew went and got a furred robe, and then they went together to the court.

"When the judge asked 'What is your matter?'—the Jew answered, saying, 'My lord, this man has taken my nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds, and now he refuses to give them up.' Then the judge turned to Hadja, and Hadja answered and said, 'My lord, I prayed Allah for a thousand pounds, and he answered by sending me nine hundred and ninety-nine. I took Allah's gift. This Jew is

a slanderer. Perhaps he will say next that he is the owner of the mule on which I ride, and of the furred gown I wear.'

"My lord," cried the Jew, 'these also are mine.'

"Then the judge said, 'Go away, slanderous Jew.' And he commanded the officers of the court to cast him outside—and so with many blows on the Jew's head they expelled him.

"And Hadja, in his furred robe, rode home on his mule, to enjoy the wealth which Allah had bestowed on him."

"The Ass" is a clever cut at those who desire to heed asseverations made in the interests of race, position, or creed rather than self-evident facts.

"One day, a neighbour of Hadja's came seeking to borrow his ass. Hadja replied that the ass was not then at home. Even while he spoke, the ass began to bray, and the neighbour said, 'Well, Hadja, you may say the ass is not here, but I hear him braying.' 'Fie,' cried Hadja, 'you are a strange man to be so ready to believe an ass, and to doubt me and my white beard!'"

The allusion to the "white beard" illustrates the oriental deference to age.

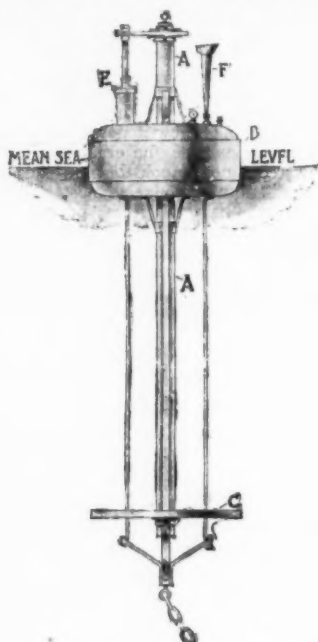
It is noteworthy in this particular fabulist that, notable as he was as a teacher and public character, he unhesitatingly makes his own name "the vile body" on which to set forth the weaknesses of poor humanity.

ARSHAG MANASHIAN.

Science and Discovery.

SELF-LIGHTING AND SELF-SOUNDING BUOYS.

MR. B. MORLEY FLETCHER has recently demonstrated beyond a doubt that the waves of the sea may be turned to useful account on a considerable scale. Not only has he shown how the oscillating motion of waves may be made to drive an electric-lighting motor, and to supply the power for hydraulic pumping



A BUOY IN WHICH THE MOTIONS OF THE WAVES ARE USED TO COMPRESS AIR TO BLOW A FOGHORN.

apparatus, but a very ingenious buoy has been designed by him, in which the movements of the surface of the sea are utilised to pump air into a reservoir, from which it is, by a suitable arrangement of the

parts, made to blow a foghorn, either constantly or at desired intervals. The advantages of such a buoy are immediately apparent. It "speaks" automatically, and though it may be obscured from the view of the man on the look-out, he can locate its whereabouts by the sound it makes. The mechanism of the buoy is represented in the accompanying illustration. The central tube A is fixed to the platform C, which is attached to an anchor and loaded to such an extent that it remains at the same level below the surfaces of the water. The buoy B at the surface of the water is able to slide up and down the tube with the rise and fall of the waves passing under it. Every time the buoy rises, air is pumped into it by means of the pump E, and when sufficient compression has been obtained, the air escapes through the foghorn F, causing the characteristic blast to sound. A large buoy is being constructed in Liverpool to Mr. Morley Fletcher's design, the power obtained from the waves in this case being used, not to blow a fog-horn, but to drive a turbine and dynamo inside the buoy, and so produce a powerful beacon light which will be illuminated to an intense brilliance even when the wave movement is smallest.

USES OF LIQUID AIR.

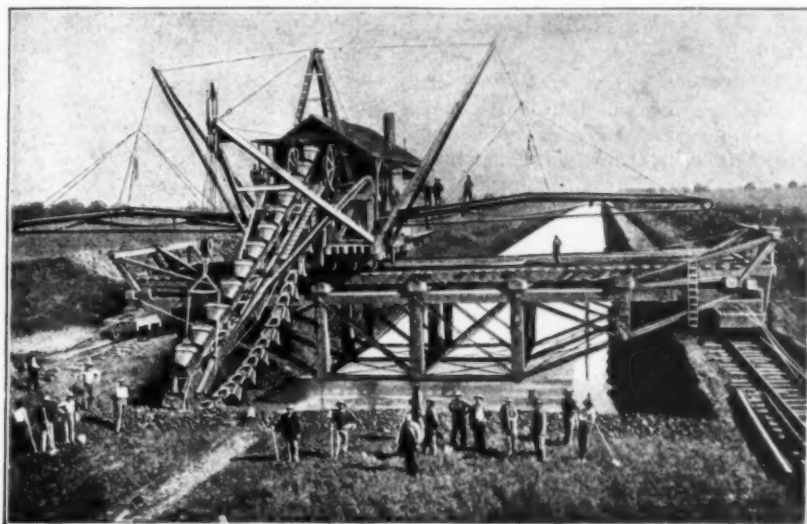
Though it seems but the other day air was first liquefied, scientific discoveries follow one another in such rapid succession that we now find men of science discussing the uses to which liquid air can be put. These are already fairly numerous, but perhaps the most interesting application of this liquefied atmosphere on a commercial scale is to make an explosive by mixing it with carbon. To do this, the fact is utilised that when liquid air is allowed to evaporate the nitrogen it contains escapes more rapidly than the oxygen. Hence, the mixture of liquefied gases becomes richer and richer in oxygen as the process of evaporation goes on. To make the explosive, Dr. Carl Linde pours the liquid, which after evaporation

contains nearly half its weight of oxygen, on small fragments of charcoal, which are then mixed into a sort of sponge with about one-third of their weight of cotton wool. Of course, when the mixture is allowed to stand for long, all the liquid evaporates, and the explosive power disappears, and it must consequently be mixed at or near the place where it is to be used. The chief advantage of the explosive is its comparative cheapness, the cost being to all intents and purposes simply that of the power used in liquefying the air. It is obvious that an explosive which loses its exploding character after a short time would be neither convenient nor economical, except in cases where a large amount of blasting is to be done at or about one place, and during a long period of time. A great stone- or slate-quarry, or an engineering work, like the cutting of an Alpine tunnel, would appear to offer a likely field for its application. In such cases, since its explosive power is comparable to that of dynamite, and it can, like dynamite, be made to go off

ripen is shortened by at least one-third under similar circumstances. The more fertile the soil in which the plants experimented upon were growing the more marked were the results obtained. In cases where the application of artificial electrical conditions first seemed unfavourable, it has since been shown that this is only the case in the absence of an abundant supply of water. When care is taken to ensure the presence of sufficient moisture the results are uniformly satisfactory. Another fact of peculiar interest which Professor Lemström has added to scientific knowledge is that the needle-formed leaves of the pine, and the brush on the ears of wheat, serve the purpose of natural lightning conductors, thus having a distinct physiological use.

CANAL CUT BY A MECHANICAL NAVVY

Mechanical navvies are used to a far greater extent in the United States than they are here. A



A MACHINE CUTTING A CANAL.

violently by using a detonator, it may eventually prove of service.

THE INFLUENCE OF ELECTRICITY ON PLANTS.

It is generally known that sun-spots and auroral displays periodically increase and decrease in frequency in a regular cycle of eleven years. The same periodicity has recently been proved to occur in the rate of growth of the annual rings seen by cutting across the trunks of forest trees. But this is only one of a series of interesting results which have been obtained by Professor Selim Lemström in connection with a long research on the influence of electricity on plants. This ingenious experimenter has proved that there is nearly always an enormous increase in the number of seeds formed by a plant when it is subjected to an artificial current of electricity. Nor is this all—the time taken by strawberries and raspberries to

striking example of work done by a mechanical excavator is shown in the accompanying illustration, which represents a canal digger belonging to the New York Dredging Company cutting out an irrigation canal in California. By means of this machine a canal about six miles long, sixty feet wide at the bottom, one hundred feet wide at the top, and averaging fifteen feet in depth, was constructed. Owing to the fact that the bottom of the canal was below the water-level of the surrounding country, the machine could not stand at the bottom in the usual manner, but was supported upon a bridge resting upon railway trucks. The excavator could travel across the bridge on rails, while the whole machinery could be carried forward by means of the trucks on which the bridge rested. As the machine excavated, the rails were taken up behind and re-laid in front. Though the bridge and excavating machinery weighed three hundred tons,

one man controlled the whole of the movements to and fro on the bridge, forward on the side tracks, raising and lowering of the buckets, and the engine, by five separate levers. That one intelligent workman should be able to set such a large mass in action is a wonderful instance of human ingenuity. When at work the machine excavates about four thousand cubic yards of material per day.

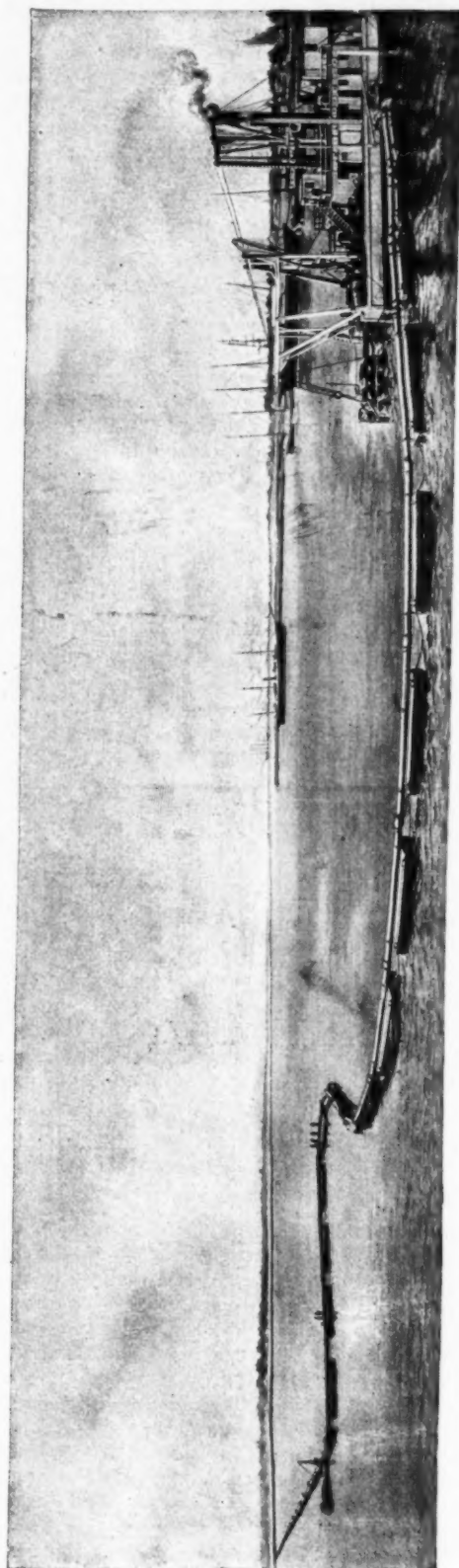
A POWERFUL DREDGER AT WORK.

Thousands of acres of mud flat and marsh lands have been raised in various parts of the United States, from Massachusetts to Texas on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts and from Washington to California on the Pacific Coast, by means of materials dredged from adjacent waterways. The large scale upon which these operations are carried on may be judged from the illustration here given. The picture shows a hydraulic dredger belonging to the New York Dredging Company working for the United States Government in Oakland Harbour, California, and discharging the dredged material through a pipe 5,700 feet in length. This machine will excavate and put ashore any kind of material, with the exception of hard rock. The suction is produced by a powerful centrifugal pump; and an illustration of the transporting power of moving water is afforded by the fact that on one occasion the hydraulic dredger picked up and passed through about eighty feet of suction pipe to the pump, from a depth of thirty-two feet, a solid round cannon ball, ten and a half inches diameter, weighing 160 lb. Other heavy articles of metal and stone from wrecks are often raised through the pipe by the centrifugal pump on the dredger. The hydraulic dredging method is well adapted to the removal of bars in front of harbours, and is extensively used for this purpose as well as for improving low lands by filling in from adjacent waterways.

BEEES WHICH BURROW

Professor John B. Smith has been able, by using thinned plaster of Paris, to obtain excellent casts of the burrows made by certain species of bees and other insects. One species of these burrowing bees (*Colletes compacta*) appears early in spring and digs vertically downwards to a depth of eighteen inches, and then constructs a horizontal burrow of four or five inches in length. At the end of this side street, as it were, a thin parchment-like cell is constructed and stored with pollen and honey. In the middle of this well-stocked compartment an egg is deposited, and the burrow filled up. When the young bee is hatched, its only way to get out is to bore for itself, which it promptly does, and in due time arrives at the surface. Other bees burrow down as far as forty inches before branching off, and in one case (*Augochlora humeralis*) a vertical burrow of six feet deep is made. In minor characteristics these burrowing bees differ from one another, but there is considerable similarity in their manner of depositing their eggs and making provision for the future young bee.

R. A. GREGORY.



HYDRAULIC DREDGER DISCHARGING MATERIAL THROUGH A PIPE MORE THAN A MILE LONG.

Over-Sea Notes.

An Artist's Struggle and Triumph. There is a lesson to be drawn from the life of the late M. Puvis de Chavannes, which all the faint-hearted and easily discouraged who appeal to public recognition would do well to meditate. No French painter of his generation worked so surely for enduring fame as did M. Puvis de Chavannes; but if his character had not been as strong as his talent he must have abandoned art many years ago, or become a painter without any fixed aim or ideal. It was not until 1861, when he was thirty-seven years of age, that his work began to appear in public exhibitions. More than ten years before this he had sought artistic hospitality from the Salon jury, but without success. The next year, and the one following, he returned to the charge with the same result—his pictures were rejected. Even when in 1861 he obtained hanging space at the Salon for 'La Paix' and 'La Guerre'—which found a permanent place in the Museum of Amiens—he was one of the most harshly criticised of men. The critics scoffed at him cruelly, but there were a few notable exceptions—Théophile Gautier among others. This strong current of depreciation flowed on far into the eighties. But Puvis de Chavannes paid no heed to it, or rather he bore up bravely, serenely, resolutely, in the face of contrary winds which would have worn out perseverance not exceptionally tempered for adversity. When the storm-beaten man at length emerged from his long period of gloom and tempest his country recognised in him its greatest living artist. But he did not know the savour of complete success until he was over sixty years of age. Puvis de Chavannes' work is characterised by nobleness of conception, firmness and beauty of outline, and freedom from artifice. Essentially an idealist, he delighted in allegory, to the treatment of which his decorative style was eminently appropriate. Probably no artist has contributed so much to the decoration of the public buildings of his own country as this painter, whose value was so long misunderstood.

The Sultan's Private Life. The Sultan sleeps badly, and after an uneasy night rises at eight o'clock. He does not get into uniform at once like his friend the Kaiser, satisfying himself with a dark-coloured dressing-gown. It is only when he expects an early state visit that he puts on his "Stambulin" or gold-embroidered coat. As soon as his prayers are ended (his devotions last ten minutes) he has an early breakfast, consisting of coffee, butter, and eggs, with a couple of sweet cakes. The officer of the day then approaches with papers which the first secretary has prepared. These usually relate to appointments, dismissals, decorations, and promotions of various Ottoman officials throughout the Empire. If they meet with the Sultan's approval, he bundles them back to the officer with the remark, *Irade ittime*—"I have commanded." Then come the telegrams from the embassies

in various lands, and the secret dispatches from the attachés who are spies on the actions of the ambassadors. It is now time for the second breakfast, the chief meal of the day, at which Abdul Hamid appears in some state. There is a curious ceremony observed at this meal. The dishes appear on the table sealed. The seals are broken in the presence of the Sultan, and a specially appointed officer tastes each dish before it is presented to his Majesty. Hitherto, Abdul Hamid by these precautions has avoided poisoning. The Sultan is very fond of strong bouillon, sweet cakes stuffed with spiced meats, and the national dish, *pilau*. After dinner he has coffee and a cigarette, made out of tobacco specially grown and sorted for his own imperial use. This is followed by a siesta of two hours, and after the siesta there is a visit made to one of the beautiful little kiosks scattered throughout the park, where his legal spouses dwell. Late in the afternoon the secret reports of his spies and police agents in Constantinople are brought to him, and when nothing of moment presses he occupies his evenings listening to French ballet music on the piano. The Sultan has over fifty rooms which he *uses* as bedrooms and working cabinets. From day to day, and night to night, no one knows which of these will be occupied by his Majesty. There is a guard of 150 soldiers in the palace, and another guard of 300 patrolling the park night and day; but in addition two huge St. Bernard dogs occupy his bedroom at night, who have been trained to bark at the slightest approach of footsteps. The Sultan reads in bed, preferring to all others the works of Montépin and Boisguilbert—romances which describe the contests in cunning between police and criminals.

Siberia. From the ethnographical point of view, Siberia is one of the most interesting regions on the face of the earth. It is well known that the original inhabitants of this semi-continent were divided into numerous stems, and that of many of these races very little is known. This is all the more to be regretted, as not a few of them are rapidly disappearing. Two of the most important of these, the Dolgans and Yuraks, inhabiting the northern districts of the Yenissei river, have now been made a special study by a young Russian anthropologist, M. Peredolski, a scholar of great promise, who has just concluded a most successful journey in Northern Siberia, as the emissary of the Russian Anthropological Society. For over three months Peredolski voyaged on the giant stream of the Yenissei as far as its mouth. He collected rich scientific booty—among other things numerous objects of archæological interest from the Stone Age—a most remarkable collection of skulls, and a whole Olympus of Somoyed gods and goddesses. As soon as Peredolski has worked out all his matter, it will be sent to other anthropological societies in Europe and America, as Russian scholars believe he

has largely added to the existing knowledge of the ethnography of Northern Asia.

American Exports.

The closing years of the nineteenth century will always be memorable in American industrial history from the fact that in them the United States first began to take rank with the nations of the world which export manufactured goods. America had long been in the foremost rank of countries exporting agricultural produce, but until about 1896 she had no prominent place in the group of countries which export the products of their factories. Until then American manufacturers were doing little more than meeting the demands of their great home market. Now they are competing with Great Britain, with Germany, and with France for the markets of the world. They are pressing British manufacturers in Canada, in South America, in South Africa, in Australia, and in China and Japan; and that they are getting a goodly portion of the world's trade is shown by the fact that in 1898 American exports of manufactured goods averaged one million dollars for each working day in the year. Cotton goods, boots and shoes, steel rails, machinery, and all descriptions of iron goods formed the principal part of these exports. The most marked advance was in steel rails. These were sent abroad in unprecedented quantities in 1898; and Canada was the largest customer of the American rail mills. Railway building was unusually active in Canada in 1898. The Canadian Pacific was busy with its new arm through the Crow's Nest Pass, and the Grand Trunk was enlarging the Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal and otherwise adding to and developing its system. All the rails and all the steel work for these extensions were imported from the United States. With this new departure in trade the United States are demanding fuller and better service from their consuls all over the world. The consuls are now advance-agents for American trade. Any manufacturer can call on the consuls for special reports; and as soon as these reports reach Washington they are embodied in a daily official bulletin, which is sent broadcast over the country. Foremost authorities on trade conditions, such as Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the great steel manufacturer, predict that the American trade will soon overtake that of any European country, and that the trade supremacy of the world must, before the new century is far advanced, belong to the United States. This, of course, is an American opinion; but no one can watch the American Board of Trade Returns without seeing that Mr. Carnegie and those who think with him have some ground for the optimistic opinions they have expressed.

A Bookmark with a Mission.

American public libraries pride themselves on their close association with the schools, and the work they are doing for the school children. The writer of this paragraph was, a little while ago, at an exhibition illustrating the work the libraries are doing in this direction. There he found a characteristic bookmark issued by the Carnegie Library at Pittsburg to its youthful patrons. On it was printed a number of requests from the book

to its boy and girl readers. "Once on a time," read the bookmark, "a library book was overheard talking to a boy who had just borrowed it. The words seem worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't hand me with dirty hands. I should be ashamed to be seen when the next boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you stop, and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old, and torn, and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

The Pittsburg bookmark is interesting in itself; it is also typical of the spirit of librarians in the United States towards their school-children constituents.

Boston Street Cars.

A great engineering work has recently been completed at Boston. It was undertaken at the public expense and had for its object the relieving of several of the principal streets from the congestion of traffic due to the number of electric street cars using them. Boston, in many respects, is unlike any other American city. It is not built in uniform blocks like New York or Philadelphia, but in narrow irregular streets, after the fashion of those in the larger and older English cities. In the centre of the city the streets are grouped about Beacon Hill, an historic spot which is crowned by the state capitol of Massachusetts, one of the finest legislative halls in the United States. Beacon Hill rises sharply, almost as sharply as Highgate Hill in London, and the streets on its sides constitute the busiest section of the city. To get rid of the street cars immense subways have been constructed, through which the cars now run. Every so far there are stations, either in the middle or at the sides of the streets, from which access to the cars on the subway below is obtained. The subways differ from the underground railways in London in that they are used only by street cars, the same cars that connect the city with the suburbs. The congestion in the streets had been growing worse with the growth of the city and with the development of the system of electric cars. On Tremont Street the traffic during the busiest part of the day was so immense, that at times it was almost impossible to get from place to place; and this street was as much monopolised by the cars as a railway line in England by the trains. When it was clear

that nothing but subways would effect a permanent change for the better, the street car companies were anxious to be permitted to undertake the construction of the subways. The State Legislature, however, decided that the subways should be built at the expense of the public. About £1,200,000 have been spent on the work, which has taken four years to complete; and the street car companies now using the subways are to remunerate the city by paying interest on the capital amount at the rate of four and

seven-eighths per cent. a year. The subways have completely changed the outward aspect of the central part of the city, and by freeing Tremont Street from the long and almost unbroken lines of cars, have given Boston a shopping street which is as pleasant to traverse as Regent Street or Piccadilly in London. The Boston subway suggests a method by which the growing congestion of pedestrian and vehicular traffic on many London streets can be permanently overcome.

From our own Correspondents.

Varieties.

The following will be read with interest by many, as written by a labourer's daughter living in a hamlet of six cottages miles away from any town:

January may not appear a promising month to spend in the country, but I should like to try to show that there are objects of interest to be found in the study of nature at all times of the year. Art treasures and scientific curiosities are more within the reach of the comfortable poor who live in towns than is the case with those whose life-work lies in out-of-the-way districts, and this seems to me the more reason why young people should be early encouraged to cultivate the art of seeing. Both interest and comfort are to be found in the study of nature by the observant eye and believing heart. I have seen some of the most lovely dawns in January: the daylight ushered in by gorgeous fiery clouds, which gradually melted into a softer pink, then again changed to a delicate silvery colour, the shade from these clouds casting a lovely brief radiance over snow-clad heights and leafless trees. It is also a good time of year for noticing the effects of light and shade. A stray gleam of sunshine falling across a half-ploughed field will impart a warm ruddy brown tinge to the freshly turned earth, whilst the yet unbroken stubble will be touched with a bright pale golden light. Or the sun shining athwart the hills will show up one part in a warm mellow light, and perhaps touch the faded bracken on another slope into russet crimson beauty, whilst the peaks beyond will be in deep purple shadow. Then what shall I say of that marvel-worker, hoar frost? Often in a single night, tree, hedgerow, and even every blade of grass, will be turned into a thing of beauty by the fairy powdery mantle scattered abroad. If the weather be mild, we may find floral treasures, even in January: mosses of graceful forms and delicate shade, ivy, green, grey, and bronze; also bunches of bright scarlet holly-berries, contrasting so vividly with their dark glossy leaves. Much may be learnt of the habits of birds by noticing their movements when taking our walks. Rabbits, too, are to me a source of much pleasure. They are very plentiful on our hills and fairly tame, and one is sure to surprise some of them, whatever the time of year, when near their haunts—they are very playful, and most active and graceful in their movements.

I will close this paper with a short description of a scene of January 1895. The clear light of a full moon showed every object with peculiar distinctness. The snow piled on hills, fields, and hedges glistened in the bright light. The trees were simply lovely, every spray powdered with the silvery hoar frost, and pearly drops sparkling in the moonlight. The hedges in the lane were almost entirely covered with snow, which had blown into them, and, where bare of snow, the silvery rime shone on every twig. Every peak of the Longmynds shone out clear and white, the woods at foot contrasting in deep shadow. Each little valley between the slopes of Caradoc was plainly visible. The north side of each slope was more thickly covered with snow, and the south or Stretton side looked very blue where snow was partially blown off. The wide, wide expanse of glistening white, with the dark masses of shadow cast by trees and woods, made up a very striking scene.

The slowly lengthening days are a cheering feature of January. Towards the end of the month we may expect the snowdrops to be pushing up their green shoots. The honeysuckle, too, sends out its pretty purplish-green leaf-buds very early in sheltered nooks. There is a great difference in the colouring of the barks of different species of trees: all variations of grey, brown, and purplish tints are to be seen, from the smooth silvery bark of the lime to the dark uneven purplish bark of the oak. The limbs of the oak, so strong and sturdy, form a strong contrast to the slender drooping branches of the wych-elm, or the palish knotted branches of the ash. Now that the leaves are off the hedges the lichen-covered old stumps are laid open to view, and very pretty green and yellow shades of lichen growth are to be found, whilst the old grown wood itself is a pretty hoary grey colour, contrasting nicely with the friendly lichens, striving to clothe with new beauty its weather-beaten form.

"Memory": Referring to our recent paper on
"Value of Association." "Memory," a correspondent writes:
An experience of mine exemplifies this
"value." I left my umbrella early one day in London, and did not miss it until the afternoon. Over a cup of coffee I mentally retraced my peregrinations during the day's shopping, but could not remember where I had it last; so I went back in exactly the same route,

inquiring at many shops, and finally I entered the Army and Navy Stores. The moment I did so, I had the clearest recollection of the exact spot where I placed it in the Auxiliary branch, and there I found it. Previously, I had mentally repeated all my movements and transactions there, but to no purpose.

The following letter suggests another Memory under view :

Fictitious
Temporary
Hallucinations.

Over thirty-five years ago, as a young man paying a visit to friends south of the Lake Torrens district in South Australia, I had occasion to take a wearisome jog-trot journey to Mount Remarkable. My companion was an experienced old bushman, but very short-sighted. Figuratively speaking, he was more long-sighted than I was, for I foolishly, or I should say ignorantly, made my breakfast off sardines and bottled porter, in a shanty, before starting on our return journey over the parched salt-bush of the Willochra plains. It was a terribly hot day. Early in the morning the gaseous exhalations from the ground, or what appears as such, warned us of a trying ride. There was no chance of water excepting what we carried in our canteens on our backs for the rest of that day and far into the next. What we had was hot, and mine was soon consumed. Oh, what a craving the thirst became! As the weary hours passed, it intensified. Even the bushman's pipe, of all things, ceased to relieve the parched mouth. As night approached but one thought filled my life—water, water. We hobbled our wretched old screws of bush horses, and darkness closed the scene. Under that screen, in my torture, I stripped naked to cool myself, and wandered about until grey dawn. Then, partly dressed, I threw the two bridles over my shoulder, leaving my short-sighted companion, and went in search of the horses. For many miles I followed their tracks over that easy sandy country, but lost them when the ground became shingly. So I followed on in the direction of the Kanyaka Creek, where I now supposed they must be making for. By this time I was in a piteous state, but hope revived me as I saw what appeared to be the two horses, cantering as animals can if not close-hobbled. Alas! the horses, as I supposed, turned out to be an old abandoned hut, distorted and glistening and shimmering in the mirage. I gave up, tossing down the bridles, and throwing myself on the remnant of a quondam shepherd's rude hurdle bed. Only for a moment though, and in that short moment I realised, with swollen tongue and smarting and sparking eyes, I had but one chance—on, on. How long did that "on" last? I shall never know; but when I came to consciousness what a blissful state I was in! I lay listening to the sweetest music, and diamonds rolled down a green slope of exceeding beauty close to my eyes. This was the vision which changed into prosaic fact as I recognised little drops of water, bending down a blade of grass, releasing it as they fell, and my "music" betrayed itself to be but the murmur of the water in the creek—the Kanyaka Creek, at the edge of which I lay, and it was midnight. How had I got there? I had travelled for many hours since I left the deserted hut, but all was a blank in my mind as

to the interval. Subsequently, I cannot remember how long, the distinct recollection came to my mind of my having called at a hut and receiving from a buxom woman, with a fat child in her arms, a cup with which to take water from a barrel outside. Now herein lies my point. Quite twenty years after, in England, I met the very settler who had occupied that country. I may state that 300 or 400 square miles was a very ordinary-sized "run," and the Willochra plains, which formed part of his, seldom saw sheep on it, and that only for a short time in exceptional seasons, so a hut might be deserted for years, as my hut had been. But there was *no other hut* on those plains in those long past days, I learned from him, at which I could have obtained a drink, nor had any woman ever graced that lifeless desert.

Yet to this moment how distinct is that picture—the woman and child, and my taking water out of the barrel with the cup.

The *dénouement* is interesting, but not to the point. My story, however, gives a true instance of "fictitious memory."—D. H.

P.S.—There were no roads there then. I believe railways and coaches abound now. Ah! *mé*.

Astronomical
Notes for
January.

The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 8 h. 8 m. in the morning and sets at 3 h. 59 m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 8 h. 5 m. and sets at 4 h. 12 m., and on the 21st he rises at 7 h. 56 m. and sets at 4 h. 27 m. The Moon enters her Last Quarter at 3 h. 22 m. on the morning of the 5th; becomes New at 10 h. 50 m. on the evening of the 11th; enters her First Quarter at 4 h. 36 m. on that of the 18th, and becomes Full at 7 h. 34 m. on that of the 26th. She will be in perigee, or nearest to the Earth, about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 12th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about half-past 6 on the evening of the 25th. There will be a partial eclipse of the Sun on the 11th, which will not be visible in this country nor in any part of Europe, being chiefly confined to the North Pacific Ocean, and only to be seen on land (except, of course, from a few islands) in the extreme north-east of Asia at sunrise and the extreme north-west of America at sunset. No other special phenomena are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 12th, and will therefore be visible before sunrise during the greater part of the month, but low in the heavens, being situated in the constellation Sagittarius. Venus is in Scorpio (passing about 10° due north of Antares, its brightest star, on the 8th), and attains her greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 6th. Mars is in opposition to the Sun on the 18th, and is very bright throughout the night, situated in the constellation Cancer; he will be in conjunction with the Moon (then approaching the Full) on the 25th. Jupiter rises now about 2 o'clock in the morning, and even by the end of the month not until after midnight, being in the eastern part of Virgo; he will be near the Moon on the morning of the 7th, their conjunction having taken place before rising. Saturn is in Scorpio, and does not rise until three hours after Jupiter; he will be in conjunction with Venus on the 25th.

W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club.

GREATER BRITAIN ACROSTICS.

III.

1. Across the sea a city fair and great we find,
Bearing the *name* of a lady, who royal was, and
kind.
2. Hand stretched grasps hand: in danger's hour
This is our strength and greatest power.
3. When Gordon fell, 'midst war's alarms,
Thy sons—our brothers—sprang to arms.
4. O'er *this watery way* the ships run free,
From Arafura to the Coral Sea.
5. They poison in thousands or catch in nets
These creatures we know as children's pets.
6. With wondering eyes *they* watch the changing
scene,
White men's ways are passing strange to them I
ween.
7. To the bush they came, and with *this* alone
Laid a new nation's foundation stone.
8. *Thus we name* our heritage
Won by the sword; upheld by God's law;
Claimed by men of our wand'ring race,
As the noblest the sun e'er saw.
9. From north to south the magic wire
Across *this desert land* is brought,
From teeming brain to teeming brain
Carrying an endless line of thought.

WHOLE.

A land most rich in ruddy wine;
In snowy fleece, and yellow gold;
In racing steeds, in well-bred kine;
In hearts and hands both true and bold.

*A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for
the best brief answer in rhyme.*

SHAKESPEAREAN ACROSTICS.

*A prize of TWO GUINEAS is offered to the solver of
this series of five Acrostics (beginning last November).
Winners of last year debarred. The solutions will not
be published till April, and the five answers need not
be sent in until March, or month by month, as com-
petitors choose. One mark is awarded for each correct
reference, and, failing any perfect solution, the prize
will be awarded for the largest number of marks.*

THIRD OF FIVE.

1. "Sir, she's . . .
But by immortal providence, she's mine."
2. " . . . have suffered
With those that I saw suffer!"
3. "Fair encounter
Of two most . . . affections."
4. "Poor worm! thou . . . infected."
5. "I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing . . .
I ever saw so noble."
6. "Your tale, sir, would cure . . ."
7. "I have no . . .
To see a goodlier man."

THE WHOLE.

" . . . ! O my father!
I have broke your hest to say so."

*Find all omitted words, and give Act and Scene of
each quotation.*

GREATER BRITAIN ACROSTICS (p. 67).

I. CANADA. PRIZE ANSWER.

Sebastian CABOT, rover sturdy-hearted,
From Bristol town for northern shores departed.
AMERICANS, as meet for near relations,
Long may peace reign between our mighty nations
NIAGARA by British troops was taken
In that sad war when England's power was shaken.
Reversing quite Ticonderoga's story,
In Egypt ABERCROMBIE fell with glory.
DUQUESNE was Pittsburg's former appellation;
Now noble Pitt has due commemoration.
The heights of ABRAHAM were ours! Their capture
Had power to rouse the dying Wolfe to rapture.
Great CANADA! thy name we read
In lake and forest stern and cold,
Yet he who digs may find indeed,
Beneath thy snows a heart of gold.

*Prize of FIVE SHILLINGS awarded to M. ACHESON,
Dunavon, Portadown, Ireland.*

*All readers, being considered members of our
FIRESIDE CLUB, are invited to send in answers to
Acrostics and Chess Problems, and paragraphs for our
Tea-Table Topics. All papers must be received by
the 20th of the month. Write FIRESIDE CLUB outside
envelope, and address to the Editor, "Leisure Hour,"
56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded for the best paragraph sent in each month under this heading.

Buying Experience. No subject among those periodically discussed in domestic journals rouses more attentive interest than the problem of how best to make the ends of a limited income meet, and most wisely apportion a fixed allowance or salary among the necessities of expenditure. So much for clothes, for food, for rent, for wages, run the items of one table after another. They all mean to be exhaustive, to cover all the ground, so that the young householder trusting to them may find himself forewarned as to every source of inevitable expense. There is one item which never finds a place in any scheme, however well-considered, and yet it is an item upon which, as long as we live, we shall go on, every one of us, spending money. The truth is, that we enter this inevitable purchase under a multitude of other names. We write down in our cash books that we have bought early strawberries, shares in a safe thing, a much-praised new book, cheap coals, a new overcoat at a bargain, a patent cure for smoky chimneys, a type-writer second-hand, warranted as good as new. Such are our entries. What have we gained for all the sums so spent? Nothing but experience. We know now not to spend our money in such ways again. And yet out of all proportion as has been our expenditure upon experience this year, next year doubtless we shall have to buy just as much, entered under other headings. It is the most expensive thing in the world.

Nut and Seed Culture. The culture of acorns and horse-chestnuts in water is a pleasant interest at this season for those who do not choose that either town life or winter weather should deprive them of a bit of living green. The nuts should be treated as bulbs grown in water are, placed in the small glasses sold for the purpose, or in the neck of some conveniently shaped bottle. Lemon seeds will grow on wet flannel, as cress does (only requiring greater warmth), and a still humbler source of real beauty may be found in every scullery, in the top slices of carrots, which, grown in water, send up charming green fronds.

The Ethics of Nursing. In an age which recognises the care of the public health as a duty incumbent on every member of a community, it is curious, to say the least of it, that frequent and systematic waste of health on the part of individuals should pass unremarked. This waste has deplorable consequences, incapacitating the useful (never the useless) members of society, and yet we acquiesce in it apparently without reflection. I refer to the number of instances in everyone's experience, in which a sister, daughter, or wife is tacitly allowed to literally wear herself out in nursing chronic illness. Setting aside the small proportion of cases in which no other

arrangement or alleviation is possible, let us consider the results that in the other cases might be avoided, were the amateur nurse's relatives alive to their duty. Take the case of a daughter who for eight or ten years is the devoted attendant of a nervous invalid parent. Hypochondria, hysteria, depression, whatever be the name given to the case—such illnesses call for incessant attention on the part of the nurse. Constant stimulus in the way of cheerful suggestion is required, and endless demands are made upon her sympathy and patience. It is a truism of the sick-room that nursing is more exhausting to relations than to hired nurses, partly from lack of training, but chiefly from the element of personal anxiety involved. This strain the daughter-nurse is never free from. The hired has a clear professional knowledge of the value of her own nervous energy, and will not expend it beyond recovery, or beyond what is paid for, upon any case. She secures time for proper sleep, food, exercise every day—the strain of attention to any one case does not last more than a few days or weeks. In the case of the amateur nurse, on the other hand, that unreasoning altruism, which often amounts to a feminine failing, comes in to prevent her exacting from others the rest, attention, and relief her arduous work demands. "She likes to do it" is the only remark made. She has a passion for self-sacrifice, and she is allowed to sacrifice herself.

Nervous Bankruptcies. Did the cost of her self-expenditure end with herself, we might lazily acquiesce in it, with a few cheap tributes of praise for her as "So devoted! Quite a martyr!" But here the question of social ethics comes in. The consequences of her lavish sacrifice of health as well as time do not end with the death of her patient. Her great piece of work is over, but she must go on living, and now it becomes clear that she is bankrupt in energy; she has squandered the forces that were meant to last her lifetime; she has shown something akin to the reckless generosity we consider culpable in money matters: she has given away all she had, and made herself a burden to others as long as she lives. Every reader knows such cases, and the mischief is that they go on, one case entailing another, in a sequence only more pathetic than provoking.

Love Yourself as Your Neighbour. Private opinion wants rousing in regard to these nervous bankruptcies. Reckless altruists must be brought to consider the real immorality of their conduct. The golden rule has a reflex action, and it is necessary for the good of society that the few among us who do not love themselves as much as they love their neighbours should be convinced of the error of their ways. The sinners in this respect are almost invariably women, and it is not too much to hope that with their reason trained, and their judgment exercised by our modern systems of education, they may be brought to a logical admission that a woman has no more right to throw away her health than a man has to throw away his money, however laudable the object in either case.